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Incorporating the
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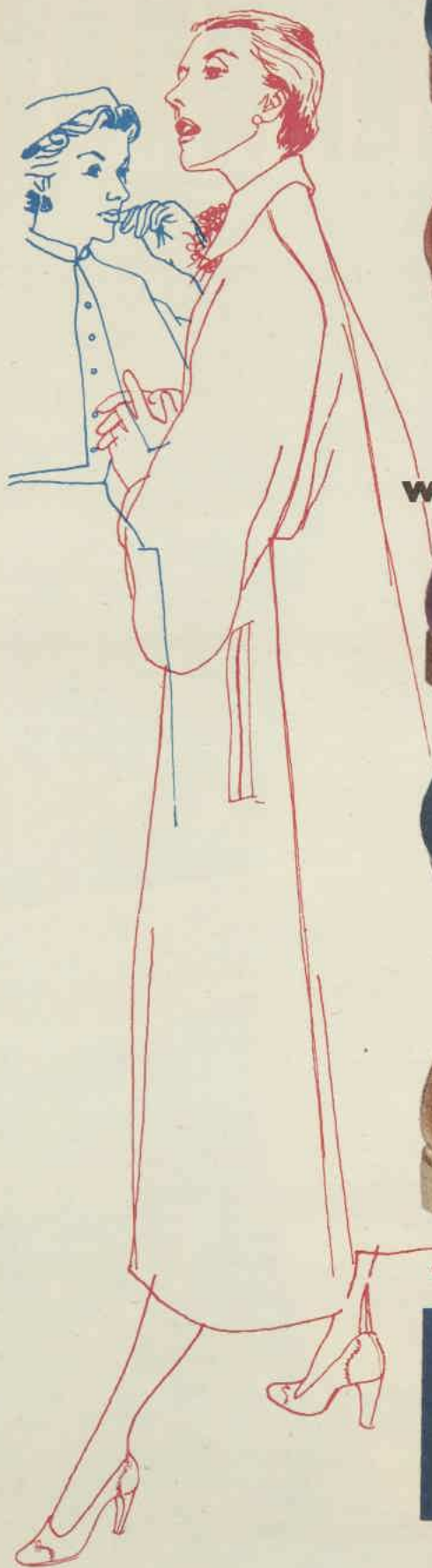
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY





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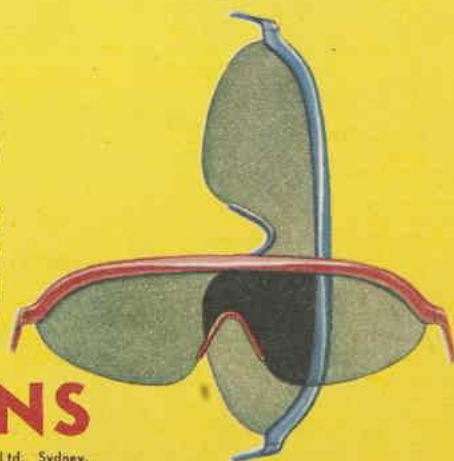
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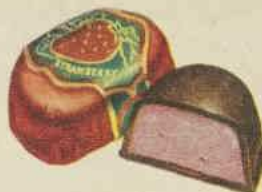
NEW! NOUGAT DESSERT

Delicious French nougat with crisp, blanched almonds. Coated with smooth "Old Gold" Chocolate.



NEW! NUT CHOCOLATE

A flavouristic combination of "Old Gold" Chocolate and crisp, sweet nuts.



NEW! STRAWBERRY CUP

The smoothest chocolate of all — "Old Gold" — with a piquant strawberry-flavoured cream centre.



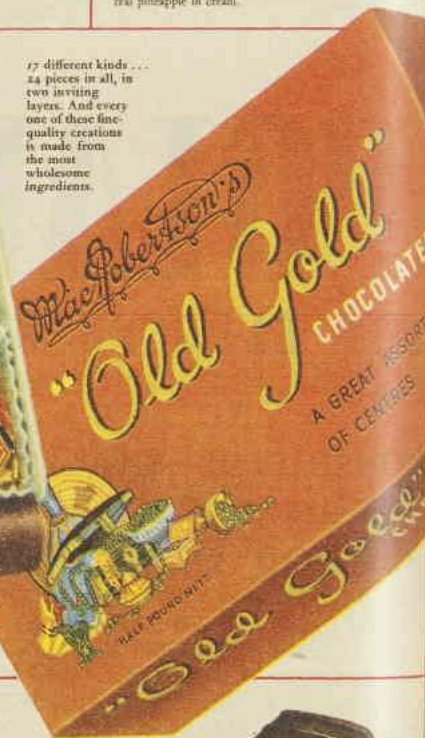
NEW! PINEAPPLE FONDANT

A novel, pineapple-shaped chocolate shell, filled with luscious, real pineapple in cream.

9 completely new chocolates — new centres... new flavours... new shapes. Plan your old favourites — Mandarin Cream — Raspberry Marshmallow — Diamond Caramel — Peppermint Cream — Crunch Foam — Cherry Ripe Square — Passionfruit Cream — Marzipan Finger.



17 different kinds... 24 pieces in all, in two inviting layers. And every one of these fine-quality creations is made from the most wholesome ingredients.



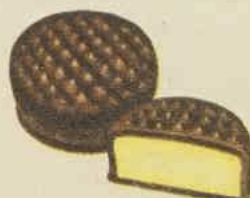
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Big, specially selected almonds, richly set in smooth "Old Gold" Chocolate.



NEW! CHERRY-IN-CREAM

Big, ripe cherries and marachino flavoured cream, encased in rich "Old Gold" Chocolate.



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NEW! NUTTY BUTTERSCOTCH

Crunchy butterscotch, crammed with peanuts and almonds, and covered with "Old Gold" Chocolate.



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Fresh buttery caramel, rich in milk and glucose, with a coating of smooth "Old Gold" Chocolate.

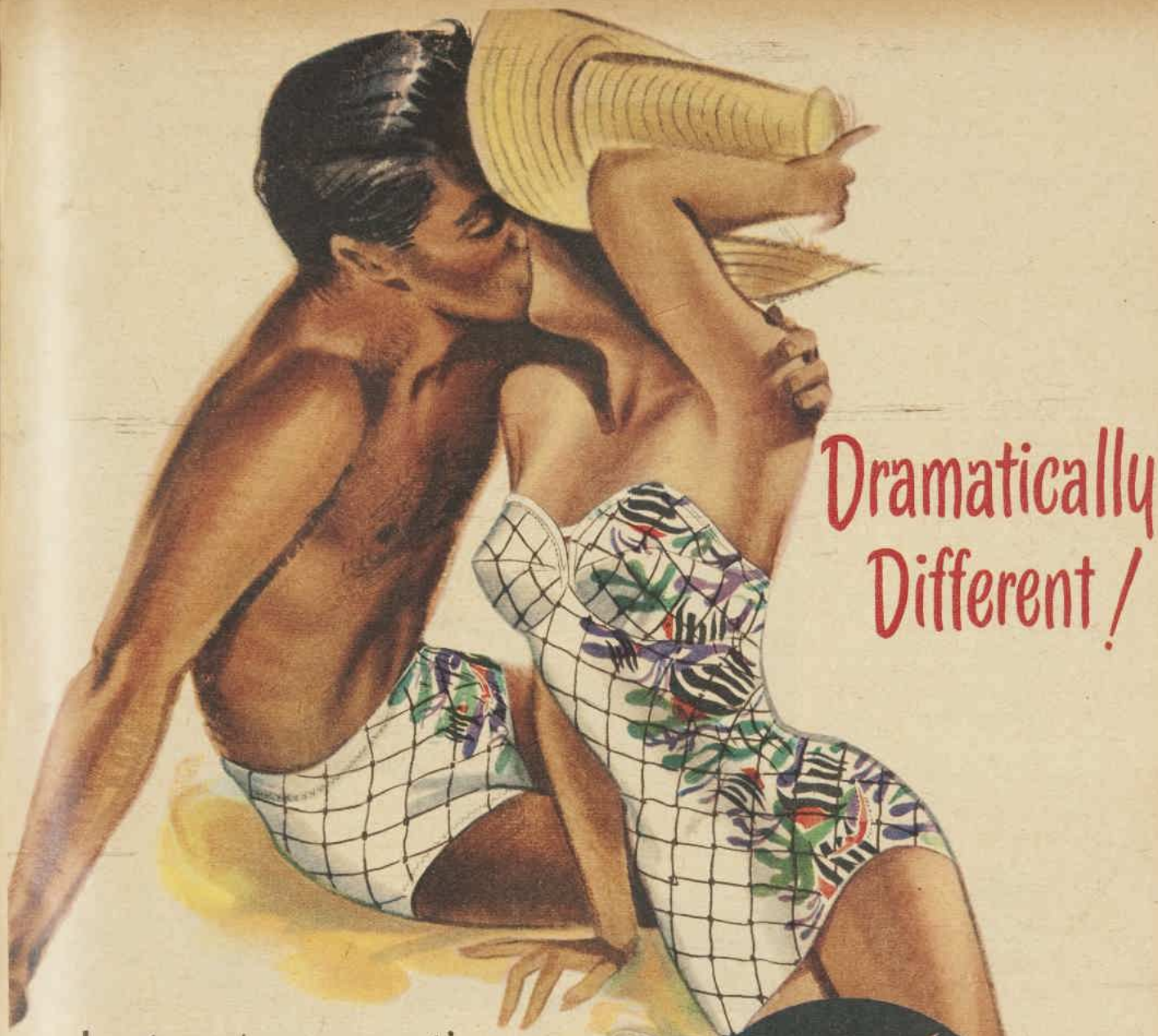
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"Say it with Old Gold!"



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Available in half-pound and one-pound boxes.
The Great Name in Confectionery



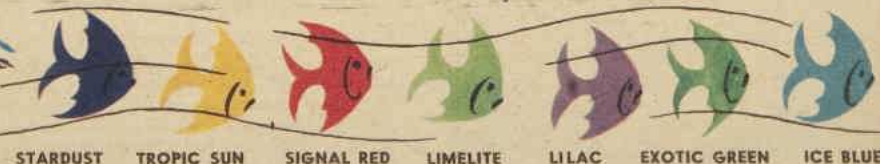
**Dramatically
Different!**

Jantzen's romantic "Marina" match-mates!



Yes! **Matching swimsuits** — one for you, one for the man in your life! You've seen them photographed at Miami, or riding the waves at Honolulu—this summer, for the first time, "Jantzen" brings them to you. Both come in dazzling Satin-Sleek and the colorful "Marina" patterns. The girl's strapless sheath-suit features a lattice bra. Jantzen's skirtless trunks for men have been adopted this season by the Swimming Associations.

Jantzen's fit like a second skin. Ask to see the new fitting charts at your favourite store.



Among Jantzen's romantic new swimsuit colors:

STARDUST

TROPIC SUN

SIGNAL RED

LIMELITE

LILAC

EXOTIC GREEN

ICE BLUE

Miss Marion Cleveland

LOVELY GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE U.S.A'S 24TH PRESIDENT

Her Face sends out
the gracious quality
of her
Inner Self . . .

Miss Cleveland's sunny, blonde loveliness makes people happier just for seeing her. Her face has an enchanting individuality that interests and charms you. It's a giving face — that lets you see what a delightful-to-be-with person she is.

Your face, too, gives out a picture of *your* Inner Self. It can be such a heart-warming picture — if you will care enough to make it so.



CHARMING MARION CLEVELAND has an exquisite complexion — porcelain-fine and smooth. She uses Pond's! "I love Pond's Cold Cream dearly because it does my skin so much good," she says.

Within you is a fascinating unseen self *that can work a happy change in you*

SO MANY WOMEN instead of realizing their own charm, plod along — nondescript.

But — no woman *needs* to stay that way! There is a wonderful inner power that can work a happy change in You! It is a power that grows out of



a sympathetic accord between your Outer Self and your Inner Self — the way you *look*, the way you *feel*.

This power lights you magically with happy confidence when someone says "How lovely you look!" But — when you don't look your best, it quickly fills you with self-doubts. That is why it means so much to be meticulous about every smart detail that can make you look lovelier — and feel happier.

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Don't let yourself underrate the eye appeal of sparkling, soft, clear skin! This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens wonderfully, you'll discover. And — because it's a *cream* cleansing, it's *never* drying! So always at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) cream your face with Pond's. *This is the way:*

Hot Stimulation — give face a quick hot water splash.

Cream Cleanse — swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream over your face to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off well.

Cream Rinse — do another soft Pond's creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue lightly.

Cold Stimulation — give face a tonic cold water splash.

This Pond's Treatment actually works on both sides of your skin. *From the Outside* — light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens skin as you massage. *From the Inside* — every step of this treatment stimulates beauty-giving circulation.

Marion Cleveland says: "My face feels exceptionally soft after this Pond's treatment."

Always remember — It is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. It enriches you to look lovely! You gain a happy new belief in yourself that lights your face most charmingly — and this helps bring other people closer to the real Inner You.



PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

ILLUSTRATED BY GREEN

"You keep out of this," Tarkington told Maggie as he hit Cavalier.

15 OCT 1951
ST. NEW SOUTH WELLS

I SLOshed a lot of perfume we'd bought off the Place de la Concorde into the tub and fought down a desire to cry. "I know what they say about April in Paris," I yelled at Coralee, "but it's a dirty lie!"

"What'd you say?" Coralee yelled back at me.

"I said," I said, sticking my head out the bathroom door, "that we've been had. Rooked. Taken."

"There's a gendarme down on the corner mauling at me," said Coralee, who was standing in front of the window in what I believe she thought was a provocative pose.

"Nonsense. He's probably got something stuck in his teeth," I said.

"No," said Coralee, sighing out into the pale blue twilight, "he's flirting."

"You are a ninny," I said. "Come away from there."

"Maggie Sylvester, I don't know what's come over you," she said emphatically. "We're in Paris. Paris, France—just like we planned for nine months and no breakfasts."

In case that doesn't make sense, Coralee was talking about the Grand Adventure we'd knocked our heads together over in New York. You know us. As a type, Coralee and I are distressingly familiar. We're the white-

collar workers, the career girls who live in adorable little apartments with mice in the walls, and hunt for men to take them back to towns like the ones they come from in Wisconsin. I'm not really bitter, or I wasn't at first, because Coralee and I did have a cute place near Washington Square. Of course, the rent was ghastly, and we were always broke, but Coralee was a home economics major and is clever when it comes to making things do. If it hadn't been for Coralee we never would have made it.

Well, anyway, we had jobs in the same office as research tabulators for Home Plan. Our bright young men went around asking people if they liked living in their houses and if not, why not? Some of the answers were unprintable, but we kept tab on what they found out. It was dull as dishwater.

But I never have been the domestic type. In fact, I left home because my mother, bless her, thinks that a complete education for a young lady is embraced by sampler embroidering and peach canning. What I'm trying to say is that I wanted to be a world traveller, and Coralee was willing to go along for the

ride. Now, don't go getting ideas. We're not romantic adoles-

cents. I'm twenty-six and Coralee is round about the same age. We're realists. We had discussed our situation intelligently and had decided to widen our horizons. It had nothing whatever to do with men.

I had my share of dates in New York with men who like rather lean, rangy girls, but there was the Seine to see flowing in the moonlight, and the flowering chestnuts on the Champs Elysees, and the wide, breathtaking view of rooftops from the Sacre Coeur, and I wanted to live a little.

I wouldn't vouch for Coralee's motives. She has Southern blood and slumberous eyes, but living with me has made her sensible. Of course, she says I'm militant, but that was only when I hustled her out of a boutique before she could buy a blouse that was cut to allow for a downdraught.

"What's the matter with Paris?" she asked plaintively.

"You have to embrace it," I said firmly, "and we've got it in a death grip."

"You mean Tarkington's Tours, I suppose," Coralee suggested.

"Exactly," I said grimly.

"Well," she sighed, "we've paid all our money into it, so I guess we'll have to make the best of it."

"The best of it would be to tee off on Tarkington," I said.

"Maggie, you're mighty harsh with him," said Coralee gently. "I think he's kind of cute."

"He's a monster, and I rue the day I ever laid eyes on him,

not to mention laying myself wide open for his skullduggery."

"Aren't you going with us to Montmartre to-night?"

"I'll go, I'll go," I snapped irritably, "but I won't be receptive to the idea, that's all."

It had been this way from the very first day Coralee and I decided to wrestle with life on a global plane. You know what summer in New York is. Well, if you don't, let me brief you. It was worse than tough: the edge had gone off our appetites for living.

The first summer we roomed together, even when the pavement was melting, we'd rush uptown for a look at a show or sit on the grass in Central Park, gorgeously flattened by the hot summer nights, and listen to all the intent murmurings going on around us.

But this summer we'd gone all soggy: the crust was off us, and neither of us liked it one bit. I wouldn't have minded if we'd gone to pieces dramatically, but to go out with a whimper instead of a bang just wasn't in my Yankee blood.

"Coralee," I said one night, while she was trying to starch a blouse, "let's get away from all this."

"Honey, whatever are you talking about?" "Let us," I said firmly, "roam."

"Where to? Honey, I've just got to get this blouse pressed."

I implored the ceiling. "See," I said, eyes uplifted, "see what comes of all this hurly-burly. See what happens if you swallow the bilge about the heat and excitement of girls fighting the city?"

Please turn to page 8

By Harriet Frank

So safe you'll want to use it always



So kind to hands as well as clothes!

SAFE LUX CARE MEANS TWICE THE WEAR. DIP STOCKINGS WHEN YOU TAKE THEM OFF



COLOURS, TOO, STAY BRIGHT AS NEW. LUX KEEPS COLOURS FRESH THREE TIMES AS LONG

WASH UP EACH DAY THIS FASTER WAY! LUX DOES ALL YOUR DAY'S DISHES FOR ONLY ONE PENNY



SAFE FROM HARM THEY KEEP THEIR CHARM. DON'T RISK BAR SOAP RUBBING. KNITTEDS KEEP THEIR NEW LOOK WASHED IN LUX

So little LUX does such a lot

U.361 WVV122

ANDREX Cleansing Tissues

- ☆ For removing cosmetics
- ☆ Gentle on babies' soft skin.
- ☆ Use as a handkerchief.



In the handy dispenser carton from all Chemists and leading Department Stores

Pilgrim's Progress

Continued from page 7

CORALEE looked at me steadily. "I told you to take salt tablets," she said.

"Posh," I said. "Here I am attuned to the universe and you proffer salt tablets."

"Well, I just thought..." Then I had a brilliant idea. "What month is it?" I demanded.

"You know perfectly well; it's July," Coralee said.

"April in Paris," I said. "That gives us nine months to save up some money."

"We'd never get through." She allowed her face to show tiny ripples of wistfulness. "But it's a lovely idea!"

The day we decided to arrange our itinerary was like dying and going to heaven. We even dressed up for it and took a taxi. If I had only known...

The minute I saw the office I had qualms. The only equipment in the place was a scarred desk and a racy-looking girl wearing glasses with black-and-white rims.

"Yes?" Her voice had a hint of boredom.

"We've come," said Coralee brightly, "to see a tour."

"Yes?" "We want to take the cheapest," said Coralee firmly, "with the best possible value, of course."

"It says in your advertisement that we get eight weeks, colored with excitement and pleasure, for nine hundred dollars," I said flatly, "and since you're as low as they come—"

"She means prices," said Coralee hastily.

I went on grandly, "that's what we want."

"Very well." The girl ducked under her desk and came up with some dog-eared papers. "Read these," she ordered, "and don't skip the small print. If you're satisfied, I'll book you."

"Where do we pick up Tarkington?" I asked when I'd read through the papers.

"When you get to Paris. Mr. Henbane will accompany you on the crossing."

She was right. Mr. Henbane did accompany us on the crossing. So did mal-demer. I spent the whole time hanging on to my bunk and begging Coralee to shoot me. That, however, is best passed over quickly.

Two-and-one-half hours after we arrived Tarkington showed up. Lest the overall impact shatter you, let me describe him piecemeal. His hair-cut looked like a hair-brush that had been gone over with a lawnmower. He had narrow brown eyes and a mouth some people would call indolent.

For my money it was just big and loud. His longish carcase was admirably set off by duck pants in need of washing and an indescribable T-shirt. This then was the man who was supposed to reveal the

manifold mysteries of the City of Light.

"Hi," he said brightly.

"How do you do?" He got the full treatment. The look I reserve for the guy who overcharges me at the grocery, the dentist, and the little boy downstairs who calls me "Maggie."

"Hello," said Coralee, apologetically, "it's wonderful, isn't it?"

"Paris? Yeh, Paris is great." "Sheer poetry," I said caustically. "I see you have grasped its every nuance."

He ignored me, unruffled. "They fix you up all right here? Mama Perot is an old friend of mine. She'll even change the sheets for any tourist of mine."

He moved to the door. I'll admit, under pressure, that he had nice controlled body action, but so does a good car. "Mama!" he shouted. "The ship's in!"

Mama Perot was a love. If it hadn't been for her I never would have survived all that followed. The only visible flaw was her enthusiasm for Tarkington.

"Make this your home," she said, "and come down again with a good appetite."

After breakfast Tarkington herded us out into the street. He set us to wandering aimlessly through the byways that are Paris, unchecked by chatter, to feel silently the glowing heartbeat of the city. And somehow, in the pleasant crush of amiable people, his insufferable sneakers, the not-to-be-endured haircut, the sassy face were at home.

S U D D E N L Y.

Tarkington brought us to a halt in front of a cafe and sighed loudly.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm bushed." He sagged at the knees for emphasis.

Coralee oiled the troubled waters. "Oh, an aperitif," she bubbled. "How exciting!" "You've got your signals crossed," said Tarkington. "I'm going to have a short beer."

"The itinerary plainly states: 'A stroll through the city at twilight.' A short beer in a crummy place is not the Paris for me," I said acidly.

"Crummy!" Life animated Tarkington's eyes. "Listen, this place is the home of the brave. Third Army headquarters. They even have a plaque. That right, Max?" He yelled into the open door.

A bright-looking redhead grinned widely and waved us in. "Yes, the boys liberated all the champagne in Paris in this very establishment. What's new, Tark?"

"Not a thing, boy. Ladies and gentlemen, meet Max, the toast of Paris."

I grasped Coralee by the hand, and sat down at a wall table. Tarkington joined us. He shook his head dolefully.

"Group spirit," he said, "it's essential."

"The next thing you know," I said to Coralee, "he'll have us stringing beads or making Indian baskets."

Tarkington turned his chair around and straddled it. "Lady," he said, sweetly patient, "I've been running these tours since 1938. Allow for my superior experience and put yourself in my hands."

We had paid in advance, so what else could we do? We padded after Tarkington. After a while, he took us to the hilltop beside the clean magnificence of the Sacre Coeur. "Note the view of the city," he said, yawning widely.

There was a murmured chorus of approval. Tarkington waited until it had subsided, then he stretched. "Of course, for my dough, it has nothing on Manhattan on a clear day — skyscrapers and canyons — you can smell the know-how in the air."

"Not to mention the malarkey," I said.

He seemed to sense the personal reference and subsided, but not for long.

Next he herded us to the banks of the Seine as if we were a bunch of thirsty Guernseys. "Well," he said, blandly, "this is it. Doesn't quite beat the East River, if you know what I mean, but a lotta people like it."

"A carnival pitch gives you a better spiel than this," I hissed at Coralee. "Let's go back to the hotel."

"But it's lunchtime." He didn't even let us eat in peace. Our subtle French luncheon that day was brightened with reminiscences of Georgia spoon bread and New England fish fries.

That went on for a week. The others in our tour took it calmly enough. They filled in with pamphlets.

"I love my native land," I said testily to Coralee, "but that jerk has never left home."

"Well," said Coralee, "the agenda says we get a day to ourselves to-morrow. I'm going to a French beauty parlor. Want to come?"

"Certainly not!" I said. "To-morrow I go in search of the pure Paris, undiluted."

There was a thoroughly Gallic cafe on the corner. It was all very chic and gay, and independent for the first fifteen minutes, but after that my table became an isolated island in a sea of conviviality.

And then I saw him. He had the pallor of a poet, and he wore a tie. That, believe me, was no small thing after days and days of looking at Tarkington's Adam's Apple. What's more, he was alone

and within whispering distance.

I began to wish my upbringing had not been quite so strict. I pushed my drink away from me and tried to look a little more interested. From the amount of response I got I began to gather that I had succeeded only in looking a little more, so I finished my drink and asked the waiter for the bill.

I was half-way down the street before I realized with a pleasant little shock that I was being followed. He was still behind me when we reached Madame Perot's house.

"End of the line, buddy," I said flatly, "everybody out."

"Young woman," he said, "I live here."

I groped for a chair. "Oh, no," I said.

A look of understanding dawned in his face. "Oh," he said, "you thought I was following you!"

"You needn't rub it in," I said.

"But, look here, I would have, if I'd thought of it."

"Thank you," I said stiffly. "and good-night."

"Must you go? I'd like some company for a bit. No much good knocking around Paris by one's self, is it?"

My heart felt as if it had suddenly been wrapped in flannel. "Why, no, it isn't."

"You see," he said quietly. "I did notice you in the cafe. Not as a man, really, but as a poet. I felt you were isolated somehow."

It was lovely to be understood, even on this fantastic plane. I offered him a cigarette.

"This city is like a beautiful woman," he said, looking at me. "It has to be courted. Since it was my first love I feel its whims, its demands."

"I can see that you do," I said respectfully. "I only wish that—" I stopped short.

"Tell me," he said gently. "Well," I said, "I'm on a tour."

"Not on Tarkington's Tour, by any chance?"

"By pure mishap," I walked.

"You poor child. Look here, we can't let this happen. Could you elude him?"

"I could kill him," I said.

"Of course, I'm travelling with a friend and if I just disappeared..."

"No need to do that. Say you're ill. I occupy Madame's attic and when the coast is clear you could let me know."

I threw caution to the winds. "I'll meet you at ten to-morrow. By the way, won't I be taking you away from your work?"

His eyes darkened unhappily. "The world is not waiting breathlessly for my verse."

Please turn to page 46

By GUS

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

I LIKE THE FIRST ONE YOU TRIED ON DEAR



YOU KNOW, THE CHEAPEST ONE



I FORGET WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE



Round the Rugged Rocks

By **DAVID NIVEN**

ILLUSTRATED
BY LASKIE

LIFE looms as just a gay adventure to devil-may-care JOHN HAMILTON, recently demobilised and quite unqualified for civilian work. A light-hearted love affair with actress CAROLE PARKER ends abruptly when he accepts an absurd assignment to escort a pedigreed bulldog to New York for ELMER DIMBLEBY, manufacturer of Dimbleby's Dog Food. A shipboard flirtation with attractive PATRICIA POLLINIRI leads to his meeting in America with wealthy, hearty JAKE DESPARD; and a party at the Despard home leads later to his meeting with lovely model ANN WINDSOR. Deeply in love with her, John tries to find work in New York, but his jobs all end disastrously. NOW READ ON:

ANN'S career as a photographer's model was well into its stride. Her beautiful face smiled from the bookstalls where it adorned the covers of several national magazines; she was much in demand. This meant that John saw less and less of her during the daytime, and most days while she was nibbling a sandwich in some fitting-room he would be searching for a cheap place in which to eat in solitude.

If, in the years to come, John had looked back on his life, in all probability he would have said that, like policemen, various people at various times had directed the traffic of events.

Certainly if he had not met Oglethorpe he would never have been dressed up as a goat; if he had not been dressed up as a goat, he would never have met Carole; if he had not met Carole he would have gone through life without making the acquaintance of Mr. Dimbleby and "Sledmere, Queen of England," who, in turn, had led him to New York.

New York had provided Ann, and Ann was the sole reason why he was now walking down Park Avenue on a bright April morning four months

later. It was Ann's birthday and John was going to buy her a present.

He walked briskly. The champagne air of springtime seemed to have affected everyone. The crowds were smiling, and even the traffic cops on the corner looked benign.

John's heart sang as he walked. He smiled happily, and this very smile brought about one of the most important turning points of all.

"What's so funny?" demanded a belligerent voice.

This jarring note brought John quickly back to earth. He perceived, standing squarely in his path, complete with ten-gallon hat, high-heeled boots, blue jeans, shirt and neckerchief, the first cowboy he had ever laid eyes on.

"What's so funny?" this rugged man of the West demanded again.

At first John thought that someone immediately behind him was being questioned, and he looked over his shoulder to see who it was.

"No, You," said the cowboy, and he poked John hard in the chest with his forefinger. "What were you laughing at?"

A small crowd began to collect. "Believe me," said John hurriedly, "I wasn't laughing at you. In fact, until you spoke to me I hadn't even seen you. I was miles away."

"Is that so?" said the cowboy. "Well, listen to me, stranger. The next time you are miles away take my advice and don't grin like a baboon at folks from out of town, or you'll wind up in trouble."

"Thanks," said John. "I'll watch it in the future."

"Okay," said the cowboy. "No hard feelings, pardner." He paused and his voice became softer, almost wistful. "Let you and me take a shot of rye together."

John could never resist "characters." "That's an idea," he said.

"Let's go then," said the cowboy. He turned to lead the way, but his spurs locked together, and he fell into John's arms, cursing softly.

"These things. I don't know why they invented them anyway."

John propped him up again on his high heels and they walked off together in search of a bar. As they went along John took stock of his new acquaintance. He had seen cowboys on the screen, of course, and, like millions of youngsters all over the world, he had at one time formulated a pretty strong idea of the prototype of these lean, rugged characters. Milton Myers, as he had by now introduced himself, did not even approach the specifications.

His fortyish figure was short and tubby, his round thighs under the tight blue jeans did not look to John to have spent many years gripping the leather of the saddle; and the very definite paunch bulging beneath a red silk shirt seemed to be far removed from steer wrestling and broncho busting, as were the white hands with manicured nails.

The rolling gait of the horseman who has spent a lifetime in the saddle was absent, too, and disillusionment was complete when, seated at last upon a bar stool, instead of the promised shot of rye, he ordered an Orange Blossom cocktail. He was perspiring freely from the short walk. He swivelled round to face John.

"Have you got any dough?" "I have twenty-five dollars in the world," said John, "unless you are expecting me to pay for these drinks, then I have twenty-four."

Milton Myers shook his head sadly. "No, I mean real jack, around twenty-five grand." He sighed. "It's such a beautiful idea, too."

"What idea?" John asked. "Some new way of fattening beef . . . er . . . on the hoof?" He didn't know what he was talking about, but it sounded knowledgeable.

Milton Myers looked lost and disconsolate. "Beef on the hoof? Listen, brother, the only beef I have ever seen has been on a plate. I've never been west of Central Park. I'm scared stiff of horses, and," he added with venom, "I hate these clothes."

His plump shoulders were slumped in despair. John patted him on the back. "Have another Orange Blossom. You'll feel better."

"Okay, thanks a lot. Sorry I called you down on the street just now, but I just couldn't stand one more person grinning at me." He looked up. "I wish you had some dough, though; we could make a fortune."

"Well, I've told you how much I've got," said John, "and, incidentally, I've got to go out and look for a job this afternoon, because I'm going to need some more."

Milton Myers looked at him thoughtfully. "English, aren't you?"

"Scottish, actually, but I probably sound like an Englishman. I've lived there nearly all my life. Why?"

"Have you ever played squash racquets in England?"

"Yes, I used to play quite a lot."

"Then if you want a job I can get you one this afternoon."

"Playing squash?" "Playing 'squashette'."

"Squashette?" Milton Myers said with sudden dignity. "Mr. Hamilton, before we go into the question of squashette, I'm going to tell you about myself."

John ordered two more drinks, and Milton Myers continued: "All my life I've been connected with show business. I was leg man for a circus, then I became a promoter. In my time I have promoted many things . . . a tortoise race . . . mole races . . . boxing matches between men and kangaroos . . . blindfold all-in wrestling, two women to one man. Now here I am with the best idea of them all."

"Squashette?" asked John.

"No," Milton Myers answered impatiently. He looked searchingly at John. "Of course I'm a mug to tell you this. What's to stop you from going ahead and promoting the idea on your own?"

John said nothing. Milton Myers appeared satisfied.

"Okay, I'll tell you." He leaned forward, and whispered, "Indoor horse racing."

"Won't you need a lot of money for that? Covering whole racecourses?"

Milton Myers smiled pityingly. "The courses, or tracks as we call them in this country, are built already."

"You mean that you have covered racecourses over here?"

"I mean that there are plenty of covered auditoriums and stadiums in this country large enough to hold a race-track. Not a full-size race-track, of course. All we need is a quarter of a mile, then instead of horses we use ponies. The races will last for fifteen minutes!"

Please turn to page 35

PART 3 OF A SIX-PART SERIAL



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A WOMAN LACKING WIT

THE stairs were dark and steep, with time-worn treads, but Mrs. Holly made the perilous ascent with an unconscious courage born of long habit, heaving her gross bulk on the banister with one hand and balancing Miss Armour's breakfast tray on the other.

She passed on the landing and breathed deeply in an effort to steady the suffocating pounding in her throat. One of these days, she thought dispassionately, them stairs'll be the death of me.

She leant against the wall until her heart slid back into her massive chest; then she opened the bedroom door. It was a small room, smelling of poverty, but Mrs. Holly was unmoved by the squalid interior.

"Wake up, love," she said loudly, as she clattered the tray on the bedside table. "It's a beautiful day."

She gave the blind a hearty jerk, and the soft morning sunlight danced on the dilapidated linoleum.

"Now then, let me help you up." Ponderously she turned to the bed, but the unresponsive quiet of the rigid figure lying there filled her with sudden alarm. She peered into the thin, finely bred face, and saw the deathly grey pallor on the arthritic smoothness of the skin. Undoubtedly, Miss Armour was dead.

Gently Mrs. Holly stroked the cold brow with a roughened finger.

"Poor old duck," she whispered. "She's gone."

It was then she saw the money.

Miss Armour's ancient handbag lay wide open on the bed, the contents littered across the quilt. An envelope of faded photographs spilled beneath her stiff, deformed hands, and there among them, incredibly, nestled a five-pound note. Mrs. Holly stared in astonishment.

"It can't be," she said in disbelief. "Where would she get that?"

She put out a hesitating hand and gingerly lifted the note. It was old and creased and slightly torn, but it was undeniably a five-pound note. Mrs. Holly crumpled it in her fist.

It was at this point that the first sinister thoughts stirred uneasily in her confused mind. Resolutely she pressed them back, but they leapt and capered with increasing vigor in an evil ballet.

Frightened, she tossed the note back on the quilt and moved to the end of the bed. She leant enormous arms on the footrail and gazed unhappily into the dead woman's face.

A cloven-footed tattoo hammered in her head. Take it, you old fool. It's yours. You've earned it. You turned her night and day for five years for a paltry two pounds a week. If you don't take it the government will, and they've got plenty. You've no need to worry. The funeral fund will bury her. Take it, take it, you fat old fool. No one will ever know. Go on, take it. You've worked for it.

Reluctantly she came round the bed, a diabolical commotion exploding in her brain. Five pounds. Five pounds. How long is it since you had even five shillings to spend on yourself? Five pounds. A comfortable pair of shoes for those burdened, misshapen feet. Five pounds. A pair

of glasses and then you could read the papers again. You won't be robbing anyone.

Miss Armour had no relatives; and no friends either. Only you. She was nothing to you—just an old pensioner—but you took her in and looked after her, and thankful she was to lie in your back room year after year, letting you fetch and carry up and down the stairs. Five pounds. A poor return for years of hard work.

Her eyes carefully turned away from the dead face, Mrs. Holly lifted the note furtively. With trembling fingers she unfastened the safety-pin holding the shapeless cardigan across the vast tracts of her middle and pinned the note inside her blouse.

Then, with a company of scarlet demons in full cry at her heels, she fled from the room.

Downstairs in the kitchen, Herb, having the time of his life on a workers' compensation holiday, was still at the breakfast table. His nose deep in the morning paper, he was reading, with cold-blooded enjoyment, a sickening blow-by-blow description of last night's fight, and he looked up lazily as his wife, ashen-pale, bounded awkwardly through the door.

"What's up?" he asked affably. "Seen a ghost?"

"This is no time to be funny, Herb Holly," she snapped fiercely. "Miss Armour is dead."

Herb, jerked out of his natural indolence, rose hastily and folded the paper. "Poor old thing," he said, with rough sympathy. "She's better off."

"You get your coat on and go for the doctor. I'll have to tidy the place up a bit. The neighbors will be in as soon as they know." Mrs. Holly elbowed him out of the way and launched a determined attack on the breakfast dishes.

Herb reached for his coat and, with it, put on the importance of a man obliged to accept grave responsibilities. Wearing the melancholy of a mourner, he left the house to fetch the doctor, stopping on the way to have a quick one at the local to bolster him for the harrowing day ahead.

Alone in the quiet of the house, it occurred to Mrs. Holly that she felt slightly sick. "I need a cup of tea," she told herself as she lit the gas under the kettle. "I've had a terrible shock." Waiting for the water to boil, she rinsed the dirty dishes at the sink with a deliberate clatter, but she failed to drown the soft chant throbbing in the air about her. You're a thief. You're a thief. You're a thief.

The hot tea restored her a little and presently the doctor came.

He was a busy man and did not stay long, but, as he left the house, he stood for a moment at the front door.

"Well, Mrs. Holly," he said kindly, "I think it's time you had a good holiday. Don't allow that soft heart of yours to let you in for any more hard work. You're not getting any younger, you know."

"Now then, young feller, that'll be enough about my age," she said indignantly. "I'm good for another



BEATRICE GRAY

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

fifty years. Besides, where do you think I'll be getting the money for a holiday?

Abruptly she stepped back into the dim hall, terrified that he would see, in the transparency of her countenance, the obvious guilt.

Throughout the morning neighbors drifted in and out, to the accompaniment of innumerable pots of tea. They came with solemn faces befitting the occasion, but behind their simulated sorrow smoldered a macabre curiosity which decency would not suffer them to express in words.

Only old Mrs. Miller scorned to beat about the bush, and then, it was allowed, her advanced age condoned her gaucherie.

"Did she have anything to leave?" she asked inquisitively as she sipped her tea.

"Nothing. Nothing at all," Mrs. Holly answered breathlessly, passing the biscuits, and the five-pound note lay leaden against her heart.

AT lunchtime Herb came home and self-consciously thrust a fistful of violets in his wife's startled face. "Bought a few flowers for the old girl," he said sheepishly. Mrs. Holly sniffed pointedly. "You been up at the pub?" she asked suspiciously.

Herb recoiled. "No, I haven't," he answered with wounded dignity. "I've been with the parson and he's fixing everything up. They're coming after lunch to take the old lady to the church, and the funeral will be to-morrow afternoon."

They carried Miss Armour down the narrow staircase, slowly, anxiously. Mrs. Holly stood at the open front door, squinting up into the gloom as the men groped their way, step by step, with nervous feet.

Mrs. Holly stopped, and stood gazing at the hat, spellbound. It was just what she'd had in mind.

At last, panting, they reached the safety of the hall and settled their burden comfortably on their shoulders. Treading firmly, they passed out into the sunlight, the soft rhythm of their boots beating in Mrs. Holly's ears. You're a thief. You're a thief. You're a thief.

The weary day came to an end and, exhausted, she climbed into bed. She slept badly and the morning found her pale and dispirited.

"I'll be better when it's all over," she told Herb, as she swallowed an aspirin with a cup of tea. "I'll go out and buy myself a new hat. I want to look nice in front of the neighbors."

The five-pound note folded in her purse, she wandered from shop to shop, but the milliners had gone mad with spring and the hats were gaily unsuitable to the dignity of one who stood in the nature of a chief mourner. She plodded on until her feet ached and she longed to sit down.

Finally she resigned herself to the tired navy straw she had worn to Edie's wedding eight years ago and set off dejectedly for the nearest tram stop. Mentally she removed the wilting red velvet roses from the brim, as she dragged herself along, and tacked a spray of chaste white daisies in their place.

Then she found the hat. There was a little hat shop at the tram stop, and before she knew what she was doing Mrs. Holly found herself inside. It was on a little gilt stand on a table, and Mrs. Holly stood spellbound before it. Black, of course, with a cunningly tilted brim and some glorious feathers hanging gracefully over the side.

Mrs. Holly all but stood on her

head to read the ticket. Ninety-five shillings! She straightened up with a gasp. The slight dizziness brought on by the unaccustomed gymnastics passed off and the hat swam into view again in all its enchanting allure. Oh, well, in for a penny, in for a pound, Mrs. Holly decided.

Beckoning for a girl to come and serve her, Mrs. Holly turned for one last reassuring glance at the hat, and caught sight of her unlovely reflection in a mirror at the side of the stand. Mortified, she stepped back. She knew the hat was not for her.

Disconsolately she put temptation behind her and trudged away, a cold depression filling her soul, and the five-pound note a ton of gold bricks in her purse.

Her spirit lifted a little when she came to a florist's window, shining in a rainbow of color. She drooped against the glass, and feasted her tired eyes on the rich glow.

At half-past one Bert from next door arrived in a car borrowed from the garage to drive them to the church.

A scattering of neighbors dotted the pews, and, as she paced down the aisle, Mrs. Holly suffered a momentary pang for the elegant black feather.

It was Herb's awed voice at her side that brought her eyes to the front of the altar, where a radiant counterpane of exotic blooms covered Miss Armour.

"Holy mocker! what a wreath!" Then, with the knowledgeable assurance of a man who has recently squandered four bob on a small bunch of violets, "I'll bet that cost a fiver if it cost a penny."

(Copyright)

My Angel

MESDAMES ET MESSIEURS; this is your favorite announcer Pierre Verdot, bringing you Radio Monte Carlo's eleven o'clock Carnival Round-up, the only broadcast west of Vladivostok that contains no bad news.

To-night is Mardi Gras; everybody on the Riviera makes merry. And I've thrown away my regular script and am going to tell you a Mardi Gras story instead.

It's a true story, my friends; and I hope I can finish it before I'm cut off the air. Depends on whether Monsieur Bonhomme, our director, is still walking in a cloud of pink champagne down by the Casino where I saw him earlier to-night.

For those of you who have tuned in late, I just want to say that certain things have happened here at the station a while ago, and that our phones have been jangling crazily ever since.

And I hope that a certain mademoiselle

is listening in carefully. It's about time she found out how I fell in love with her the day before yesterday, Sunday afternoon, at eleven minutes to three, to be exact. Eleven minutes before I first saw her.

I had gone to visit my friends Monsieur and Madame Laroche, as I do every Sunday. Monsieur Laroche is the assistant stage director at the opera. Madame Laroche, of course, is the former Gabrielle Laurent-Laroche, twenty years ago a great star of the Paris Opera and the Metropolitan in New York; and now living here as a singing teacher.

The old Empire clock in the salon showed eleven minutes to three when I came in and heard the voice of the girl, through the closed door of Madame Laroche's study. She was practising a scale, "La-la-la-a-a," up and down and down and up.

No one likes to hear a singer practise. Even the great Caruso must have sounded terrible doing "mi-mi-mi" and "la-la-la-a-a."

But the girl behind the door didn't sound terrible. You see, her voice didn't come out of her throat; it came out of her heart. It was a wonderful, warm, almost passionate voice; it seemed to float all over me like sunshine at noon on an early spring day; it made me think of love and music.

In fact, the girl's voice set in motion that invisible phonograph deep down in my heart, playing a love song, appassionato and con brio, which means "passionately" and "with fire." I don't ask you to believe this, my friends. All is right, as the Americans say, so it was the bottle of red wine that I'd had with my lunch, but what does it matter. I was in love with a girl I had never seen before.

I fell into a chair and listened to her voice. I knew exactly what she would be like. Small and dark-haired. Burning black eyes filled with poetry and passion. Her name must be Tanja or Dolores. I was crazy about her.

At three o'clock Madame Laroche opened the door. "Bonjour, Pierre," she said. Some girls aren't even pretty when they are twenty; Madame Laroche is still beautiful at three

times that age, with her white hair, alabaster skin and her fragile figure.

She said to the girl behind her, "Mary, this is Pierre Verdot. . . . Pierre, meet Mary from Cocca." Madame never remembers a name.

"Keokuk," said the girl. "Iowa, United States of America."

Then I saw her. Just as I thought. She was slim and blond. Deep-blue eyes filled with prose and dispassion. Her name was Mary. I was crazy about her.

"Mary has come from America to learn a few parts," Madame Laroche said. "She's already studied Tosca and Madame Butterfly. I wish she could sing at the opera or at our radio station."

"It would make all the difference to the people in New York," the girl said. She spoke French well, but I noticed something strange. When she wasn't singing, her voice wasn't sweet and warm, but smooth and rather cool.

"Back home they think a girl can't be good unless she's performed in Europe," she went on. "Like those New England balladinas with Russian names. Silly. Though I, too, may have to change my name before I go back."

"Why?" I asked.

She seemed to hesitate. "My last name's Finstergrueth. Grandfather came from Switzerland. Imagine, it would say on the programme of the Met, 'Floria Tosca—Mary Finstergrueth.'"

"How about Verdot?" I said. "Floria Tosca—Marie Verdot." It's good, no?

She nodded. "Not bad. But why—why Verdot?"

"It's my name," I said; "if you know what I mean."

"Pierre!" Madame Laroche said sharply. The girl gave me a glacial glance. "I think I do. And the answer is no."

Madame said, "Don't mind Pierre, my dear. He's a little crazy. It's in the family. His uncle used to be like that."

I said, "Uncle Philibert was crazy, especially about blonde sopranos. Madame Laroche ought to know."

Madame Laroche blushed. She reminded me of a delicate piece of china, with her white lace collar, the black dress, her fine profile. Uncle Philibert had always compared her to something made of thin china.

"There wasn't a male in the whole auditorium who didn't fall in love with her, Uncle Philibert used to tell me. After the performance, we would wait for her at the stage door, carrying flowers and gifts, and when she came out, her head half hidden under a woollen muffler, we would unharness the horses and pull the equipage triumphantly through the dark streets, like ricksha coolies."

Mary's prosaic voice interrupted my reverie.

"First prize!" Mary cried in astonishment, as the trophy was handed to her.

ILLUSTRATED
BY BOOTHROYD



Mary was an angel, true, but the ice on her wings had to melt sometime....

"I'll be going, Madame Laroche. To-morrow at two."
 "Wait," I said. "I'm going with you."
 "I thought you came to visit Madame," she said without enthusiasm.
 "That was before I met you," I said. "Now the world has become a different planet for me. Now every season is spring."

Madame Laroche sighed, but I knew she didn't mind. "Pierre, you're just as crazy as —"
 "Yes, I know," I said, kissing her on the cheek. "It's hereditary."

I walked down with Mary, through the Avenue St. Michel, high above the white houses and green gardens of Monte Carlo. She looked straight ahead, ignoring me completely, which gave me a chance to admire her pretty profile all the way down to her slim legs.

At the corner of the Rue des Lilas we met Monsieur Laroche. He walked erect, not at all like a man over sixty. He'd been a great baritone in his day. I believe he had often appeared on the stage with Madame Laroche.

In fact, I think it was there that they had fallen in love. What a shock it must have been for Uncle Philibert.

"Bonjour, Pierre," Monsieur Laroche said. "How was the lesson, Mary?"

"Madame was satisfied," Mary said. "I was enchanted," I said.

Monsieur Laroche laughed in his sonorous baritone voice. "Better stick to Pierre, Mary. He's got a lot of influence at Radio Monte Carlo. . . . Good-bye, children."

When he'd left, I asked her, "You met Monsieur Laroche?"

"I had a letter to him from my teacher in New York. They're old friends." She turned to me for the first time. "Is it true what he said about your position at the radio station?"

"Yes and no."

"Yes and no?"

"On the air I'm important because they've got to listen to me. Off the air I'm just an underpaid announcer."

"Oh, an announcer," she said. It sounded like "an embezzler." "You think I could sing there?"

"Depends on Monsieur Bonhomme, the director."

"What's he like?"

"He used to be a diamond cutter. Now he's a salary cutter. Most of the time he's just eating. He even keeps a refrigerator in his office with caviar and cheese and fine wines."

We stopped in front of a modest boarding-house. "I live here," she said. "Not very fancy, but inexpensive."

"Aren't you rich?" I asked. "I thought all Americans are rich!"

"So I heard," she said. "I must have met all the wrong ones. Good-bye." She gave me a cold stare that reminded me of Monsieur Bonhomme's refrigerator. Small wonder. Both she and the refrigerator were made in America.

"Wait!" I said. "I'm working until eight. How about a movie to-night or a walk on the Casino terrace?"

"Thanks," she said, "but I happen to have an appointment."

"Already? I thought you arrived only yesterday."

"Exactly. I was standing at the bus station with all my luggage, when he came by in his maroon convertible. He stopped and —"

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed in anger. "Not him! Not Alphonse, the Duke of Roquefort!"

"The — what!"

"That's what my friend Boniface calls him. Alphonse's father is a cheese millionaire, you know. I read in an American newspaper last week, 'The father makes millions in cheese and the son spends them on cheese-cake.' Now what did they mean by that?"

She didn't seem to like this. "He's very nice," she said pointedly, avoiding my question. "And he has excellent connections at the Opera."

"Yes," I admitted. "Especially among the members of the corps de ballet."

"You're mean," she said. "Good-night and good-bye."

She slammed the door in my face. I walked back to the Laroches. Monsieur was smoking his pipe, reading the paper. Madame filled the cups. The aroma of coffee—real coffee—filled the room.

"I got a package from Brazil," Madame said, taking up her needle-point. "One of my old admirers. He must have trainloads of coffee."

The coffee tasted good. Monsieur Laroche smacked his lips. "This coffee admirer, did he by any chance want to marry you, cherie?"

"I think he did." She gave him an affectionate glance. Sitting there in the soft late-afternoon glow, she looked almost young. He took her hand and she bent over and kissed his hair. For some reason I wished Mary could have seen them.

"Cherie," Monsieur Laroche said, his eyes twinkling, "are you sure you didn't make a mistake when you turned down all that coffee?"

"Cheri," she said very softly, "I'm very sure of this."

"In that case," Monsieur Laroche said, "I'll have another cup. . . . You, too, Pierre? How did you make out with the American girl?"

"Not at all," I said. "We don't talk the same language."

"Nonsense, Pierre," Madame said. "In love, as in music, there's only one language. And Mary understands it. I can tell from her voice."

"That's what puzzles me," I said. "When she sings, she's—well, a blood orange. When she talks, she's only an olive. A smooth, cool olive in an American cocktail. You know what I mean?"

"No," said Monsieur Laroche. "And I don't want to."

"I think I do," Madame said, and smiled at me.

I went back to the radio station. Monsieur Bonhomme was at his office, eating as usual. He took some pate de foie gras out of his refrigerator. I asked him whether we could have an American singer on our evening programme.

"American, hein?" he said, swallowing a whole piece of foie gras. "How much?"

"I didn't ask her how much she wants," I said.

"How much will she pay us?" he shouted. Naturally, this was the end of our discussion. I hope he isn't listening in right now.

After my broadcast I went down to the Casino Gardens to see my old friend Boniface, the coachman. His landau was parked across from the Casino, and Boniface sat on the driver's seat, motionless like an unshaven yogi. There was a refreshing glint of lunacy in his eyes.

Please turn to page 41



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Editorial

Vol. 19, No. 18.

October 3, 1951

PRESERVING OUR WILDFLOWERS

SPRING and early summer has brought its usual quota of wildflower beauty to the Australian bush — and, unfortunately, its usual quota of vandals.

An even greater menace than the thoughtless gatherers of a few "that surely won't be missed" are the deliberate thieves.

In New South Wales recently 3000 waratahs were stolen and removed by truck from Kuring-gai Chase. It is believed that they were destined for sale in Melbourne.

Many people anxiously concerned with the preservation of wildflowers believe that the only remedy is to follow Western Australia's lead and ban the sale of wildflowers, with the exception of a few widely cultivated species.

To make this ban really effective, all States would have to co-operate in legislation. Otherwise people would still smuggle flowers interstate.

Differences in State laws complicate all sorts of aspects of present-day life — from divorce to butter.

In New South Wales a system of growers' licences has operated for some time, but wildflower authorities say that it is widely abused and difficult to police.

Nature gave Australia some characteristics of an individual kind. Among them are our wildflowers.

Meanwhile, the activities of man, aided by films and radio, tend to turn the cities into carbon copies of the rest of the world.

Such individual beauty as the country has is surely worth preserving. A total ban on the sale of wildflowers seems to be the most effective solution.

OUR COVER

... brings summer nearer. Melbourne mannequin Karen Scammell makes a lovely picture with her two-year-old daughter, Elizabeth. The sparkling blue of the water is in striking contrast with the red-and-white stripes of the surf ski.

This week:

● Charlie Chaplin's early films have become antique charms — but nobody could apply that phrase to his young ladies. Whether he marries them or merely chooses them as leading ladies he always shows preference for youth. His first wife, Mildred Harris, was 16 when he married her, and was his second, Lita Grey. Paulette Goddard, third on the list, was a little older, in her early 20's, and Oona O'Neill was 18 when he married her in 1943. In spite of storm and scandal his private life and some political troubles Chaplin at 62 goes on making film successes. For his new film, "Limelight," he has chosen a 20-year-old girl, Claire Bloom, to play opposite him. The story is on page 17.

● People who live alone and can't be bothered cooking for themselves may be at least temporarily reformed by the suggestions on page 53 of this issue for dishes of serving only. The recipes should improve the menus of solitary dwellers and will also be welcomed by households of two, since it's an easy matter to double the quantities.

Next week:

● Helsinki, capital of Finland, site of the 1952 Olympic Games, is the subject of a color feature next week. The games will begin on July 19 and end on August 3. Already the Finns have the accommodation problem well in hand. Besides building blocks of flats for the athletes, they have organised space for visitors ranging from hotels to private houses, community houses, and even camping allotments.

● Our color pictures of homes are always popular, and next week's, which show the home of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jenkin, of Pymble, Sydney, is particularly interesting because it deals with unusual ideas for lighting. Mrs. Jenkin uses bulbs of different colors to create different effects. As an example, a blue bulb used in a room where the covers are of white-and-pink organdie gives the impression of lilac.

BOOK REVIEW

By PATRICIA ROLFE

LYING on green grass under a shady tree on an early summer day would be the perfect way to read Christopher Morley's "The Haunted Bookshop."

For maximum enjoyment choose a time when you should really be doing some work.

If you like you can let the book rest gently on your chest and go off to sleep for 15 minutes.

When you wake up, eccentric bookseller Roger Mifflin, whose heart is large enough to contain both kind, simple Robert Louis Stevenson and that long-winded bore Joseph Conrad, will still be reading as many books as possible and selling as few as possible.

His wife, Helen, will still be agreeably busy in the kitchen, probably preparing Eggs Samuel Butler.

The hero, Aubrey Gilbert, a bright young man in advertising, who invented the slogan "We preen ourselves on our prunes," will still have advanced very little in his pursuit of Miss Titania Chapman.

Miss Chapman, having given both the World's Great Authors and Aubrey the quick

once-over, and having decided heavily in favor of Aubrey, will still be skilfully hiding her intention of marrying him. "The Haunted Bookshop," a reprint of an early Morley, is like that. It is as un-hurried as a bookworm burrowing through the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

About the third last chapter Mr. Morley wakes from his bibliomaniacal trance, and with a muttered "Sorry, chaps, I've lost the plot," proceeds to double-dye a most unlikely villain—a corner chemist—shed some innocent blood, invent some totally unnecessary action, and find a happy ending.

It's all most enjoyable except sometimes when you have

THE HAUNTED BOOKSHOP by Christopher Morley

to plod heavy-footed through the whimsy.

Consider the extraordinary evolution of Christopher Morley.

In 1929, a young man of 29, he wrote "The Haunted Bookshop," an interesting book about interesting books.

In 1939, in middle age, he wrote "Kitty Foyle," which won him his greatest fame, which I found a dull book about a dull "bad girl."

You might forgive a young man for thinking a bad girl was more interesting than a good book, but not an older one.

Mr. Morley should have written "Kitty Foyle" in 1929 and "The Haunted Bookshop" in 1939.

Try "The Haunted Bookshop." It's as satisfying as spending a long lunch-hour browsing through your favorite bookshop, when you either get a good free read of something you can't afford to buy, or buy something you've wanted for a long while for a few shillings.

"The Haunted Bookshop" by Christopher Morley, published by Faber. Our copy from Grahame Book Company.

The Australian Women's Weekly

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CONCRETE BRIDGE at the crushing plant, with ore-loading jetty in the background at Cockatoo Island in Yampi Sound, Western Australia, site of the Commonwealth's biggest iron-ore deposits. In the 1930's Japan unsuccessfully tried to buy the island. The jetty has been built to a height that allows for the 35ft. rise and fall of the tide at Yampi.

YAMPL: Iron mining in a tropic setting

● Cockatoo Island, in Yampi Sound, Western Australia, where iron is being won for Australian steel, is one of hundreds of tropical islets of the Timor Sea.

IT was a historic occasion last month when the first shipment of iron ore from the Sound was unloaded at Port Kembla, New South Wales.

Yampi is diagonally opposite Sydney on a map of Australia.

With 125 residents, Cockatoo is the only inhabited island in the area, and is distinguished by its steep black iron-ore cliffs.

Houses are built in a saddle between the cliffs, and are ideally designed for the tropical climate.

On the mainland opposite the island a new mission station for the Warora aboriginal tribe is being set up. These natives often present visitors with a piece of dugong (sea cow), hunted in the Sound.

SWIMMER dives 40 feet into one of the rock pools on the mainland opposite Cockatoo.

The Australian Women's Weekly — October 3, 1951 — Page 18



VIEW from the company's officers' mess (above) shows the iron-ore cliffs. First load (10,600 tons) for Port Kembla from Yampi was carried via Torres Strait.

TROPIC ISLAND setting is complete (below) when the tide goes out to reveal a coral reef. At 3:15 p.m. work ceases and swimmers make for the water.

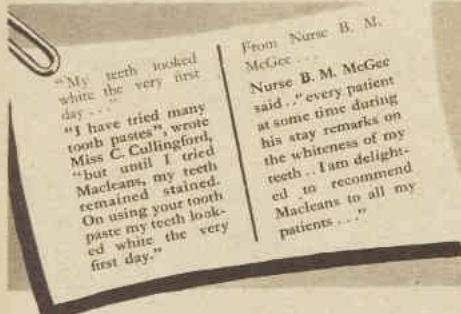


Don't half-clean your teeth MACLEAN your teeth



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smile!

Almost every day somebody writes to tell us how QUICKLY Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste has made their teeth gleaming white. In Great Britain, surveys have PROVED that more people use Macleans than any other brand. They use Macleans because it makes teeth WHITER, QUICKER... because it gives teeth EXTRA protection. Here's what two typical users said about Macleans.



MACLEANS PEROXIDE TOOTH PASTE makes teeth WHITER

Macleans will make YOUR teeth WHITER, BRIGHTER, HEALTHIER. The refreshing 'tingle' of Macleans shows you how quickly it gets to work. Macleans helps to prevent tooth decay. It quickly whisks away film and stains giving your teeth a glistening, natural whiteness. Macleans is safe, too. Try it!



ANNABELLE



"That reminds me of the FUNNIEST dream I had last night."

BUTCH



"But I think it'll look kinda nice. Sorta like knotty pine."

It seems to me

ISN'T it lovely? Summer, after a few false steps, is on the way. The little boats are out on the water, the bluebottles are out on the beaches, and the mosquitoes are getting revved up.

If I seem to gloat, it is because of an annual feeling of satisfaction that there is no further need to listen to anyone describe a vile day as bracing.

A nice mad note, to give you an idea for enlivening this summer comes from New York, where a Fifth Avenue store has been selling hats with thermometers and weather vanes built in.

Better still would be barometers. Living where it is impossible to see the sky all around in the morning, I should welcome a built-in barometer (which could be changed over as one best hat succeeded another). It needn't have anything complex about it. Simply "Yes" and "No."



Dorothy Drann

AN Australian girl who has been living in America says that American women seldom go out for meals without their calorie registers and diet charts.

This must be pretty horrible for hostesses. I don't know whether the etiquette books have ever got round to laying down rules for guests on slimming diets, but I am sure there is room for some direction on the matter.

I remember I once went on a calorie slimming diet. Besides reducing weight I reduced my family to a state of frayed desperation by bringing a small notebook to the table and grimly writing down every item I ate and its approximate calorie content.

However, when visiting the notebook stayed in my hand-bag and the calories were estimated when I reached home. The principle was to eat in public and starve at home. It was hard on relatives but kind to friends.

But I must admit that this procedure was not really dictated by good manners.

It enabled me, outside the home, to conceal the fact that I was dieting. It saved me from having cream cakes and pastry pressed on me with the words, "Oh come now, one piece won't hurt you." And everyone who has ever been on a diet for any reason at all knows the irritation evoked by remarks of that kind.

A PROPOSAL to employ women to drive trams and buses was turned down by the union in Sydney.

The reason given was that the work was too arduous and too nerve-racking for women.

A woman with a house full of children might give a hollow laugh.

A COMMONWEALTH inter-departmental committee met in Canberra recently to prepare recommendations for the Government on northern Australian fishing problems. Among matters discussed were "Domestic legislation covering fishing in Australian waters."

In re-domestic legislation on fishing. This is just the thing for which wives have been wishing.

That is, wives of week-end anglers, Who don't want to be naggers and wranglers

But would welcome any form of legislation Which would tend to the elimination Of such habits as filling the safe with jars of bait

(A practice which fills wives with wild-eyed hate),

Nor do they care for tripping over lines stretched all round the front lawn, And what makes them maddest of all is finding, on washing day, in the pocket of a shirt, an old, old prawn.

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Chaplin's choice flutters film world

Leading lady has brains plus beauty and talent

From BILL STRUTTON, in London

The whole film world is a-twitter with the news that Charlie Chaplin's leading lady in his new film, "Limelight," is Claire Bloom.

After preparations lasting nearly four years Chaplin is at last ready to make "Limelight," and all the Hollywood stars are asking, "Who is Claire Bloom?"

RIGHT now the dark, graceful, 20-year-old English girl, who is the focus of all this curiosity, is busy clearing her dressing-table at the Globe Theatre, London, and shaking out her wardrobe in preparation for the trip to Hollywood.

Claire is excited, and a little overawed at this tremendous break which came to her out of the blue.

Before her, Paulette Goddard and Virginia Cherrill made their big debuts in Chaplin films.

The great comic did not continue the search for his new leading lady to Hollywood; but set his agents scouring the world for the girl to play the young dancer in "Limelight." Chaplin himself plays an ageing comedian trying to make a comeback who falls in love with her.

The search lasted a year.

A few months ago a quietly dressed stranger knocked at Claire's dressing-room door, backstage at the Globe Theatre, as she was rubbing off her greasepaint. He peered into her mirror and asked, "Would you like to play opposite Mr. Chaplin in his new film?"

Claire said, "I just dropped the wad of cottonwool and stared!"

An understudy took over her part as the young ballet dancer in "Ring Round The Moon," a highbrow play by Jean Anouilh which Christopher Fry translated from the French.

She and her mother flew to New York. Chaplin made the trip from California to meet them, and for four days he rehearsed Claire for her screen test.

He said, "I had been hopeful—but not certain—that she could do the part. Now I have met her, I am sure. She is in-



CLAIRE BLOOM walking in St. James' Park, London, shortly before her departure for Hollywood to make the new Chaplin film.

telligent, charming, alive, and has a wealth of talent."

And that, from Chaplin, is worth the outpourings of several lyrical critics.

Though Hollywood and even a lot of British film folk have never heard of her, Claire, described by one of several play reviewers who fell under her spell as "gazelle-like, slender, wistful, captivating," has been attracting increasing notice in the English theatre.

She made her first mark three years ago in a season at the famous Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Strat-

ford-upon-Avon, and followed it up with hits in London plays.

Australia's Robert Helpmann is largely responsible for her discovery. When Claire was 16, an eager newcomer who had worked a hard season getting acting experience in provincial repertory, she managed to get an interview with Helpmann at the Duchess Theatre, where he was preparing for a season. She pleaded for a job.

"Understudying, walking-on—anything," she asked, and held her breath.



GLAMOR STUDY of Claire Bloom, Charlie Chaplin's leading lady in his new film, "Limelight." Although unknown to Hollywood, Claire is acknowledged in London theatre circles as one of the most promising young English actresses.

Helpmann hired her. At the end of the season of stage odd-jobbing—understudying in "He Who Gets Slapped," walking on in "The White Devil," watching the big-timers from the wings—Claire's work and personality had impressed Robert Helpmann sufficiently for him to

say, as the time approached to pack up and move on, "Would you like to be my Ophelia?"

Her Ophelia to Helpmann's Hamlet at Stratford was her first big chance and her first big success.

Robert Helpmann says, "She worked harder and longer than anybody else, never seemed to get tired, never showed a temper."

Claire claims that's because she is in her element with Shakespeare. "I first fell in love with acting in general and Shakespeare in particular when I was seven," she said. "I saw Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer in 'Romeo and Juliet,' and went back to see it four times."

Claire has no hobbies or luxuries, is not devoted to any sport, and has only one recreation—watching ballet.

As an evacuee child, Claire was shipped to Florida early in the war. At ten she did her first broadcast there when she won an amateur talent competition.

At twelve she was brought back to London, won an acting scholarship, then took individual tuition, and besieged the British Broadcasting Corporation for jobs.

From then until the moment when, at 18, the patronage of Robert Helpmann put Claire on the threshold of a successful stage career, she took part in 60 broadcasts.

But, except for a brief appearance in the British film "The Blind Goddess," she was still unknown in the world of movie stars until Charles Chaplin reached across the Atlantic to make his latest and most startling choice.

"I don't know a soul in Hollywood, but it doesn't really frighten me," Claire said, prouetting in front of her dressing-room mirror.

"I suppose I shall be working too hard to worry. And my mother's coming with me."

He wears his clerical collar on Sundays only

By AUDREY BUDD, staff reporter

Visiting Methodist evangelist Dr. Donald Soper, who has arrived in Sydney from Britain for a tour of Australia, thinks that religious meetings should have "no hymns, no prayers, and certainly no collection."

DR. SOPER, who is the guest of the Methodist Crusade for Christ Council, will speak at mass meetings and conduct schools of evangelism for ministers and laymen throughout the Commonwealth.

When he took his stand among the soap-box orators in Sydney's Domain the day after his arrival in Australia, he was quite at home, for Dr. Soper has been holding open-air meetings for 25 years.

Each Sunday he speaks in London's Hyde Park, famous for its Sunday sprinklers.

He also holds regular open-air meetings on Tower Hill.

In London, Dr. Soper is superintendent of the West London Methodist Mission.

Here, in between his regular duties, he supervises the work of ten institutions which conduct homes for ex-prisoners, married mothers, prostitutes, and delinquent children, and provide for students and young people visiting London, and in Australia.

Dr. Soper is 48, a Doctor of

Laws of London University, and the author of several religious books.

When I interviewed him he looked unlike the conventional clergyman. He wore a yellow-and-red tie, grey suede shoes, and a bird's-eye tweed suit with a scarlet pocket handkerchief.

"It's very important that parsons should look as if they enjoy life," he said. "I only wear my clerical collar on Sundays. I try to dress well. Don't you think I do?"

I asked Dr. Soper what special qualities were needed for open-air speaking.

"A loud voice and a thick skin," he replied promptly. "I have both—and I don't lose my temper."

"The great advantage of such meetings is that the audience can answer back—something they can't do in church."

"I was knocked off the wall once at a Tower Hill meeting and was rescued by the police—much against my will."

"Sometimes I get caught out. I'm a teetotaler, and a man once asked me the effect of prohibition in America. I asked him had he been to

America and he said 'no.' I told him not to ask questions on things he didn't know anything about."

"He asked me if I'd been to Heaven, and then told me not to preach on things I didn't know anything about."

Dr. Soper is married and has four daughters.

"Ann is 20 and does zoology research," he told me. "Bridget is 17 and a physiotherapist. Judith is eight. She's an amiable noise with dirt on it. The baby, Caroline, is five. We also have a pekingese—the most intelligent dog in the world."

"With all those women, you can imagine I don't get much of a word in at home."

Dr. Soper's general object during his Australian tour is to try to make Christianity relevant to daily life. He said that too many people regard Christianity as a hobby.

"Only by the correct interpretation of Christianity can we transform individuals, and eventually society," he added.

Dr. Soper gave me these views on Sunday films, Sunday sport, and dancing:

● Sunday films: "I haven't



METHODIST EVANGELIST Dr. Donald Soper, M.A., who has been called "Methodism's fighting champion." Dr. Soper is a Cambridge blue.

time to go to films on Sunday myself, but I can see little difference in principle between watching a film and reading a book on Sunday."

● Sunday sport: "Life is much more than playing games and watching Betty Grable. I've no objection to someone fitting in a swim on Sunday if they can't during the rest of the week."

● Dancing: "I don't dance because I've a thrombosed leg, but I certainly don't dis-

approve of it. I can only repeat the reply of some British divine when asked if Methodists could dance. He said, 'Some can and some can't.'"

Dancing led to the discovery of the doctor's enthusiasm for jazz.

"I was once a jazz pianist with Fred Elizalde's band at Cambridge, but my style now would definitely be archaic. However, I can still hot-up a hymn tune."

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Morley "Velnit" Vests, Panties and Briefs, are ideal for wearing all the year round. They're famous for... their style, fit and comfort... and the irreplaceable finish that is always associated with the name Morley.

MORLEY

Menfolk, too, appreciate Morley "Velnit" because of the comfort and ease of well-being which come from wearing well-made underwear... helping a man to live in health and freedom all the year round.

In the whole family all stay happy in Morley "Velnit" for every season of the year!

Always look for the name MORLEY on Underwear

Enter now for our £5000 Quiz Contest

What would you do if you were suddenly presented with £100 to spend on clothes so that your wardrobe would benefit not only this summer but for several seasons to come?

THIS is one of the questions in The Australian Women's Weekly £5000 Quiz Contest, which carries three first prizes of £1000 each and 116 other prizes.

The Quiz is divided into three sections — Romance, Homemaker, and Office. If you do not feel qualified to answer all three you need answer only one or two sections.

In the early days of the contest the Romance section appealed most, but as entries mount the other two sections are proving equally popular.

We are not publishing the quiz questions, contest rules, and list of prizes in this issue. All will appear next week.

In our original announcement we stated that certain relatives of employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. were not eligible to enter the contest. We omitted to mention husbands and wives of employees, but these, of course, are excluded and the contest rules will in future mention them.

Worth Reporting

FIFTY thousand leaflets and 4000 posters are being distributed to children at Victorian State schools during World Animal Week from October 1 to October 7.

The week was inaugurated in England in 1928 to foster greater kindness towards animals. It has since spread to most countries of the world.

Mrs. Oswald Grayson, of Euston, N.S.W., and Mrs. Harry Crook, of Hawthorn, Vic., did the sketches on the posters and leaflets.

Mrs. Grayson keeps her own horse, dogs, cats, and Saanen goats. She lives on a sheep station.

Her most humorous sketches were the outcome of a five weeks' caravan trip with her sister, Miss Marjorie Wreford, who writes animal stories, to Suggan Buggan, on the Snowy River. They had two horses and two dogs for company.

Skating star goes to England

GWEN MOLONY, Australian figure-skating champion now on her way to England with her parents, began her career on the ice at the age of two.

Gwen Molony has a busy seven months ahead of her. Beginning at Richmond (England), she will take figure-skating lessons from world-ranking professional Arnold Gerschweiler.

In December she will compete in the British Skating Championships in London.

Then there will be the Olympic Games in Oslo and the World Skating Championships in Paris, both scheduled for February. She will compete in both if she can settle the time factor.

Gwen has taken with her to England three pairs of boots and skates and eight exhibition-skating frocks.

Her father, a Melbourne shoe manufacturer, has always made Gwen's boots for skating.

LONDON milliner Aage Thaarup, who makes most of Princess Elizabeth's hats, tells a story about the husband of one of his clients.

The man asked him to make a cocktail hat for his wife in kingfisher feathers. It cost a good deal more than the estimate.

With the cheque in payment Mr. Thaarup received this card:

"As you say, my dear, The kingfisher has lovely feathers. It also has a large bill."

From butter State to butterless state

AUSTRALIAN war-bride Mrs. David Wittkopp, who helps her husband run a dairy in Wisconsin, U.S.A., hadn't heard of "the butter shortage" when she arrived in Sydney recently.

Mrs. Wittkopp left Australia in 1946 and is back for the first time for two months' holiday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Taylor, of Matraville, Sydney.

Her husband, who during the war was a captain in the U.S. Army Air Corps, operates six trucks which collect dairy products from the farms and deliver to about three-quarters of the 5000 people in Port Washington, Wisconsin, which is known in America as the dairy State.

Mrs. Wittkopp said that one device which the average American housewife took for granted was the steam iron, which creates its own steam, thus eliminating the need for wet pressing clothes.

A petite blonde with a strong American accent, Mrs. Wittkopp did part-time modelling for one of the big fashion stores in Milwaukee.

"American women are very diet conscious, but their figures aren't as good as those of Australian girls," Mrs. Wittkopp said. "They're crazy about salads."

"There is wonderful food there, but I came home to Australia hungry for a lamb chop. This seems to be a national dislike of lamb in the States."

Jeanne suits Peter very well

AT his wedding recently, a very proud London bridegroom, Peter Connor, wore a gabardine suit made for him by his 19-year-old bride, Jeanne Shoobridge.

She is a tailor, and made Peter's wedding tie and shirt as well.

The wedding festivities included an elaborate breakfast prepared entirely by the bridegroom. He is a chef.

Vacant possession all mod. cons.

MINIATURE wooden furniture from Bavarian villages, tiny Japanese eggshell china, inch-square copies of Old Masters from Germany, and diminutive Venetian wine bottles and glasses are some of the fascinating effects in the eight-roomed dolls' house owned by the Young Women's Christian Association in Melbourne.

It was given to the association by its Director of Physical Education, Miss Joan Marsland.

Miss Marsland's aunt bought the house in England and collected the furnishings during 15 trips abroad.

It was the centre of attraction at a recent Y.W.C.A. market at the Melbourne Town Hall.

The tiny house also has such modern conveniences as a hair-dryer, sewing-machine, vacuum-cleaner, carpet-sweeper, radiators and lamps, with power provided by batteries in the roof.

On a gilt music-stand in the music-room is the folk-song "The Fox and the Geese," with words written in German.

School for models in Tasmania

TASMANIA will shortly have its first mannequin-training school.

Photographer Mr. J. Shepherd, of Hobart, plans to train at least 20 models.

Previously when Tasmanian firms wanted to advertise their fashions they would bring girls from the mainland.

She wings her way with ANA and the perm that gives lasting beauty to your hair

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Crest makes it possible for you to wave your hair in your own home... in your own time!

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For your first full head perm: Crest Full Kit 21/-
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For attractive and curls: Crest Junior Kit (The only Junior Kit complete with curlers!) 8/3
At all Chemists and leading Departmental Stores



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Watch... your... cat...

WATCH YOUR CAT when the light of mischief gleams in his eye—the little tinker knows he has only to rub himself against your leg and all his pranks are forgiven! He depends so much on your care and kindness. Will you do one little thing to keep him the frisky, friendly companion he wants to be? Give him one 'Tibs' once a day in his morning saucer of milk. One 'Tibs' a day gives him the conditioning he needs to be the liveliest, most lovable pet that ever was, with eyes that shine and a coat like silk!

TIBS THE CAT POWDER. A Bob Alastair Product. Australian Agents: SARGENT & SPRAGGON (Aust.) Pty., Ltd., 1 Park Street North, Sydney. KEEP CATS KITTENISH

JACQUES FATH GIVES A 1925 PARTY



MADAME FATH, dressed as Mary Pickford, chats with Gene Tierney and two friends at the 1925 party given by her husband, designer Jacques Fath.



ANITA LOOS, author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," famous best-seller of the '20's, was an American guest.

LEFT: Paulette Goddard running away from Boris Karloff at the Jacques Fath party.



HOST AT THE PARTY, Jacques Fath, as Charlie Chaplin. The Editor of "Art et la Mode" wears a black georgette dress in the 1925 manner; Jacques' only son, Philippe, as "The Kid"; and our fashion artist, René Dalgleish.

By our fashion artist
Rene Dalgleish, who
has been visiting Paris.

I WAS one of the 1000 guests at Jacques Fath's 1925-era party at his lovely Chateau de Corbeville, an hour-and-a-half's drive from Paris.

Women wore evening dresses that were straight, short, and shapeless, and with no waistline whatever. Their skirts finished at the knees.

Madame Fath, who before her marriage was one of Jacques Fath's most beautiful mannequins, dressed as Mary Pickford.

We did the Charleston and Blackbottom on a dance floor specially built in the garden.

It was a real night out for the over-40's. Those who could remember being dressed in clothes of the Jazz Age enjoyed more laughs than they have had in years.

Youngsters who grew up on boogie-woogie were relieved to find that neither Monsieur nor Madame Fath was expert at the Charleston or Blackbottom.

The orchestra did not switch from the dance tunes of the 'twenties for a single number.

After "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "Ain't She Sweet," "Jeepers Creepers," and "In Your Green Hat," the big floor show came on.

The wonderful thing about it all was the way both men and women wore their ugly clothes so unself-consciously, in the care-free spirit of Flaming Youth.

That night everyone had "It"!

Color pictures by Alec Murray.



JACQUES FATH changed his costume and appeared as Maurice Chevalier, while a French film star appeared as Mistinguette, French singer, wearing a startling gown and headdress, which only went to confirm the opinion that the 1925 era was the ugliest period in fashion history. The party, which was given by Jacques Fath and his wife at their lovely country Chateau de Corbeville, was a highlight of the Paris Winter Collections.

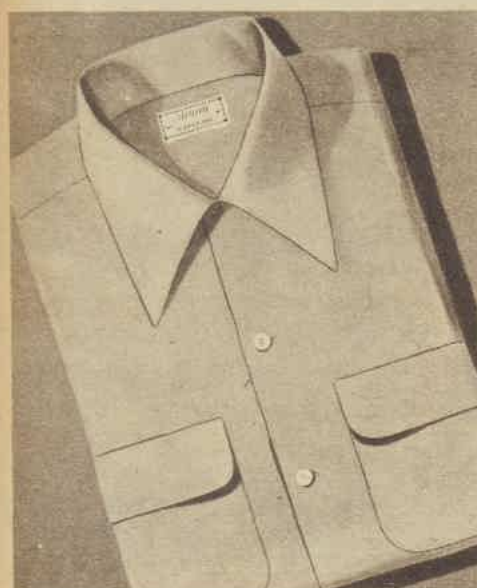


MANNEQUINS from Jacques Fath's Paris dress house put on a show in original Vionnet models. The picture shows the mannequins dressing for the parade, which was staged after a champagne supper, when delicious French food was served.



SHOW GIRLS OF THE '20's. Jacques Fath's models dressed as Ziegfeld Follies girls of the '20's when the great American showman, Florenz Ziegfeld, glorified the American girl in his musical productions. Magnificent costumes were made specially for the evening.

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The first sports shirt collar that really looks good with a tie! No more bulging or wrinkling, for there's a built-in tie space formed by an invisible fold line in the collar. Illustrated above is Gabanaro—Arrow's rich, rugged rayon gabardine. WASHABLE.

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Readers rush Queen Mary book offer

Response to The Australian Women's Weekly offer of the magnificent "Queen Mary" souvenir picture pageant book has been beyond all expectations.

ON page 14 are instructions on how to obtain your copy of this book, which will become an heirloom in many families.

The book holds special interest at this time because it contains many pictures of King George VI and intimate glimpses of his family life.

In letters accompanying their orders, many parents have said they wanted the book as a memento of the Royal Family for their children.

Queen Mary's has been a long life and a wonderful one.

Born into an era of parasols and crinolines, elegant carriages and footmen, she has lived to see the emancipation of women, her country torn by two world wars, and the adoption of a way of life undreamed of in her girlhood.

Her passage through years of triumph and trial are vividly described and illustrated in the book.

For all her sometimes forthright manner she is—and always has been—shy.

For many years she has enjoyed a discreet cigarette.

In the days when sweated labor was not even discussed in adult polite society, the

future Queen was pushing aside schoolroom books to study social problems.

Yet she was no bluestocking. She loved clothes and was a leader in the elaborate and elegant fashions of the day.

As a newly married couple, Princess May (as the Queen then was) and Prince George threw themselves wholeheartedly into the gay social round.

Just a year after their marriage a son was born to them. He was to become Prince of Wales, King Edward VIII, and Duke of Windsor.

A picture was taken of Queen Victoria with the new baby in her lap. Standing close by were her son, the Prince of Wales and her grandson George.

The picture was called "The Four Generations."

Many years later the Royal Mother of the baby on Queen Victoria's lap was to be the central figure in another picture called "The Fourth Generation."

Given full-page color reproduction in the "Queen Mary" book, it shows Queen Mary, King George VI, Princess Elizabeth, and the infant Prince Charles.

The bitterest blow in Queen Mary's life was the abdication of King Edward in 1936.



SMILING PICTURE of Queen Mary, taken at the Centenary Celebrations of the University College in London in the early 1920's, is one of the many illustrations in our souvenir book.

Nobody in England would have been surprised if, broken and weary, she had then withdrawn into semi-seclusion.

However, after keeping in the background for a while, she slowly began making discreet appearances.

She was soon fulfilling her usual heavy programme of engagements.

Had she not worn the Crown, Queen Mary undoubtedly would have been an inspiring leader in the fight for women's rights.

As it was, her crusading zeal found expression in the close

attention paid over the years to every widening activity of women in public life.

No play (provided it has the virtue of quality) is too daring for Queen Mary.

Her mind will fasten with equal interest on the newest in art, science, social experiment, or literature.

To-day at 83 she presents a magnificent subject for the biographer.

The compilers of the "Queen Mary" book have created a fitting tribute to its Royal subject.

Middle-age should hold no fears

There should be nothing awesome to the average woman about change of life, which usually begins in the middle forties.

By a leading
Australian medical
specialist

TO some women, apprehensive of the troubles believed to accompany it, the menopause looms as a period of dread—to be got through as best they may.

But it is surprising how many come through unscathed.

With the increase of knowledge which has accompanied medicine's progress in the past few decades, it is now obvious that much of the discomfort which can accompany the menopause has been exaggerated.

In the past, because of ignorance, all kinds of vague and unrelated disabilities were attributed to change of life.

The phrase has become en-crustured with old wives' tales, superstitions, and out-of-date medical teachings.

The fallacies linger. Mothers' notions are passed on to the daughters, and what the midwife told grandma is still remembered and revered.

Every doctor is familiar with the apprehensive woman's query: "Is it change of life?"—whether the symptoms indicate high blood pressure or cataract.

There is no doubt that glandular changes which occur around the 40's may predispose any woman to certain disabilities, mainly connected with the nervous system.

Other illnesses may occur which have nothing to do with the menopause and which are thought of as menopausal by association.

In theory, the cessation of the menstrual cycle which marks the end of the child-bearing period should proceed quietly and without dramatic incident.

In practice, however, a variety of nervous symptoms of varying severity may occur.

These depend to a large extent upon the personality and incidents in the life of the patient.

Some women exhibit a nervous predisposition and an emotional instability which becomes exaggerated by the glandular changes.

Other women suffer from pathological states which have resulted from childbirth.

There may be pains, intermittent discharges, and irregular bleedings as well as hot flushes, headaches, and bouts of irritability.

A recent U.S. survey of 1000 women showed that change of life did not alter

the daily routine of 85 per cent. of them. Only 15 per cent. showed symptoms definitely related to the menopause.

Admittedly this was a small survey, but even in larger surveys the figures would not be materially different.

It is not suggested that the larger proportion of women whose lives went on unaltered did not suffer from many symptoms associated with change of life.

But the headaches were not crippling, the insomnia was not profound, and the flushes were not greatly embarrassing.

Other symptoms, though troublesome, did not interfere with normal living.

The smaller percentage of women in the survey showed evidence of what has been loosely called the menopausal syndrome, which is similar in some ways to an anxiety neurosis.

There is considerable fluctuation of mood. Headache and giddiness often occur. There is almost constant flushing.

The combination of these and other symptoms may seem to render life's daily tasks too difficult.

Where predisposition is most marked the emotional instability may climax at the change of life in an attack of melancholia in which the individual becomes depressed and has feelings of unworthiness.

She may also not think as quickly as she used to, and may be subject to suicidal impulses.

Fortunately modern treatment can restore the great majority of these depressed people to complete health.

Patients who develop severe menopausal neuroses and psychoses (insanity) usually have had severe personality disturbances for long periods.

Many have been nervy and highly strung all their lives. Some are narrow-minded and prudish, inferior and anxious.

Many, while capable of enjoying romantic fantasies, are emotionally frigid.

They give little to life and take little from it.

The woman who has lived a full life, though circumstances may have called upon her to sublimate her innate desires, will welcome the tranquillity engendered by the menopause.

Men also have their change of life, but it is much more indefinite and less dramatic than in women.

Some men are hardly affected. In others, though, physical symptoms like those that affect women may occur.

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You'll simply adore their Hollywood-inspired designs... their dream-like colors... their snug, cosy comfort. And when you see their price tags you'll wonder how *anyone* could offer so much loveliness for so little! Available in both standard chenille, velvety-smooth VELWIC chenille and the sensationally new Cordurette that's as light as a summer breeze. At leading stores everywhere.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 3, 1951



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Baby clinic takes to the road



PARKED FOR THE DAY in the grounds of the Mt. Colah Grammar School, the Kuring-gai Karitane Mobile Clinic, run by Sister Dorothea Pietsch, is available there each Thursday. Older children can play in the schoolgrounds while their mothers consult Sister Pietsch.



IN THE QUEUE, Mrs. A. Melville, of Hornsby, with seven-week-old daughter Elwin, waits her turn outside the clinic while Sister Pietsch says good-bye to Mrs. D. Costin, of Hornsby Heights, and her two sons, Douglas (3) and Graydon (six weeks).

During the past three months, a medium-sized bus, painted baby-blue and white, has become a familiar sight to residents of northern Sydney suburbs.

IT is the Kuring-gai Karitane Mobile Clinic. At the wheel is Sister Dorothea Pietsch, triple-certificated mothercraft nurse, on her way to take advice to mothers in outlying suburbs.

This mobile Truby King mothercraft clinic, the first of its kind in N.S.W., is the achievement of the hard-working members of the Kuring-gai Karitane Auxiliary, a sub-committee of the Australian Mothercraft Association.

From its base at Gordon the clinic serves five districts. On Monday Sister Pietsch drives it to Beacon Hills; on Tuesday to Baulkham Hills; on Wednesday

to West Pymble; on Thursday to Mt. Colah; and on Friday to North Turramurra.

The support the clinic is getting from these districts is encouraging. At Baulkham Hills, enthusiastic mothers have formed a sub-committee to help finance the clinic.

Expense is the biggest problem. Mothers pay a fee of 2/6 a visit, but this does not go anywhere near covering the cost of keeping the clinic on the road.

The auxiliary estimates that this year's running costs will be at least £1000.

The clinic is spacious and beautifully equipped. The auxiliary bought it for £1150. It is garaged and serviced free by a Gordon garage.

By **MARGARET BINGHAM**, staff reporter



MT. COLAH mother Mrs. D. Powell waits while Sister Pietsch weighs 11-week-old Robert Powell. Each time Robert is brought to the clinic his weight is entered in the record book his mother is holding.



AT THE WHEEL of the 3½-ton mobile clinic Sister Pietsch sets out for Mt. Colah from Gordon. The heavy vehicle was rather a problem to Sister Pietsch at first, even though she is an experienced motorist. She now handles it like a veteran bus-driver.



INTERIOR OF THE CLINIC is painted white, while curtains, screens, and plastic blinds, which ensure complete privacy, are in baby-blue. Cupboards and an ice-chest provide plenty of storage space. A recess contains a stainless steel sink, complete with a pump which supplies running water from a 30-gallon tank, and a two-burner kerosene stove.



NEWCOMER to the clinic, Mrs. A. Melville, of Hornsby, watches attentively while Sister Pietsch enters particulars about baby Elwin in Mrs. Melville's Truby King baby record book. Sister Pietsch spends as much time as she possibly can with each mother and child. Fee for each visit is 2/6, but mothers often give a little more to help keep the clinic on the road.

Anxious week at Buckingham Palace

World joins prayers of Royal Family for King

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

All this week the attention of the British Commonwealth has centred on Buckingham Palace, where the King lies so gravely ill.

As I write this, dense crowds of Londoners wait anxiously but calmly for news of his progress.

THEIR typical British restraint is exemplified by the understatement of Princess Elizabeth's reply on the eve of the King's operation to those offering sympathy, "Yes, this is a worrying time."

No man in the Commonwealth has lived more completely for others than King George VI.

Since he came to the throne his selfless sense of duty and unremitting work have won him the love and affection that to-day is evidenced by the silence of the crowds waiting patiently and faithfully outside Buckingham Palace.

Clement Price Thomas, the surgeon selected for the heavy responsibility of operating on the King, is a 57-year-old Welshman and a "man of the people."

He comes from a poor family, and won his entry to medicine by scholarships.

Most doctors put on their striped pants to visit Buckingham Palace, but not Mr. Price Thomas. He is always neatly dressed, but arrives in his normal dark suit straight from his previous case.

Clement Price Thomas



MR. CLEMENT PRICE THOMAS, the Welsh chest surgeon, who operated on the King last Sunday.

hasn't what is known as "a bedside manner," but he has much charm and a wholesome bluntness of manner which patients appreciate.

He has hobbies — golf and photography—and an enthusiasm for Wild Westers. He quickly won the confidence and friendship of the King.

In the meantime the atmosphere at Buckingham Palace is tense.

The organisation of the Palace as the King's hospital devolved on the Queen.

The Royal residence was dust-sheeted and the staff away on holidays when the King's illness brought him from Balmoral, to be followed immediately by the Queen when his illness became more serious.

Buckingham Palace always has its "spring clean" while the Royal Family is at Balmoral on annual summer holiday.

In their absence this year, workmen were busy cleaning and redecorating when Their Majesties returned so dramatically.

The workmen hurriedly finished their jobs and left the Palace, to be replaced by a team of doctors and nurses.

Though the operating theatre is up to date, it needed more equipment, and electricians were called in to rewire it for new apparatus.

The Palace kitchens, which are a long way from the King's suite, cater for the Royal household, but a special kitchen with a small electric stove for cooking light dishes was installed closer to the King's rooms.

Bedside vigil

THE silent crowds, the nation's prayers, the messages of concern and sympathy from all over the world are giving strength and reassurances of loyalty to members of the Royal Family who gathered in London to be near the King.

The Queen stays constantly by her husband's bedside.

Princess Elizabeth looked pale and tense as she arrived on Saturday night—the eve of the operation—with the Duke of Edinburgh for the premiere of the film "The Lady with a Lamp," starring Anna Neagle.

Only twice her charming smile relieved her unusually sad expression.

The Princess spent some

time with the King at Buckingham Palace on Saturday afternoon, then went to Clarence House to change into a beautiful full-skirted gown of white satin, all-over embroidered with silver sequins and rhinestones. She added a diamond tiara.

Princess Elizabeth looked so young and defenceless that the fashionable first-night audience was hushed and subdued.

Instead of rounds of cheers, there were murmurs of sympathy and admiration for the Princess in keeping her promise to attend the premiere.

The film, which is the story of Florence Nightingale, has many harrowing moments. When the lights went up, the Princess was flushed and obviously struggling against emotion.

She raised her large presentation bouquet, inclined her head for a few moments, then calmly stood to attention as the orchestra played "God Save the King."



HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI. His 14 years of untiring devotion to his subjects have been responsible, in large measure, for his present grave illness. This portrait was taken by famous photographer Karsh, of Ottawa.

To those who offered their sympathy she said, "Yes, this is a worrying time."

It is in keeping with the Royal Family's high conception of duty that Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh continued arrangements for their tour of Canada and the United States, so that the King's subjects overseas would not be disappointed.

Deep affection

FOR Princess Elizabeth when she touches Canadian soil becomes Princess Elizabeth of Canada, and this means a great deal to the Canadian people.

It is in times like these that the whole nation feels more deeply its admiration for the Royal Family.

Everyone is conscious of the deep affection between the King and Princess Elizabeth.

Everyone who knows how

much the King needs his family about him these days will appreciate what a strain it would be for the Princess to leave his bedside even for the short period of the Canadian tour.

But it is her Royal heritage to take over many of the duties of kingship. It is in her character to make whatever personal sacrifice is necessary for duty's sake.

Her calm and queenly bearing and her dignity in these anxious times reflect the feeling of the whole nation.

Early on Sunday morning before the operation, the Queen, Princesses, and Duke of Edinburgh went to chapel at Lambeth Palace, the town residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Simultaneously, in country churches as well as in great cathedrals, men and women of every religious denomination

prayed and joined in singing "God Save the King."

When Queen Mary visited her son, the crowds waved from the pavements, but there were only subdued cheers. Queen Mary waved only once.

The Duke of Windsor, who has been in constant touch with Buckingham Palace since the King became ill, arrived by the night ferry train on Monday morning.

Each evening as dusk falls, the routine of Buckingham Palace goes on. The guards change. Lights gleam in the Royal windows and parks. The lanterns above the Palace gates shine yellow upon the lion and unicorn in the Royal coat-of-arms.

Unceasingly, the crowd keeps prayerful vigil.

If the love and affection of his people can help King George VI over a period of convalescence, he will soon recover health and happiness.



RESORT SANDALS—light, bright, airy little joyces that just can't help their good looks . . . bared for summer sunshine, to take you through a hundred and one happy days. From left to right, top—Cobweb Sandal, Voodoo, bottom—Sundial, Sea Bird.

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ENJOYING DANCE. Sonia Hopkins and Bill Locke were partners at the Red Cross Younger Set's Federation Ball, the first programme dance ever held at Prince's. Many well-known hit tunes of 1961 were played for the dancers.



BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION. Guest of honor Diane Greaves (right) with two friends, Elaine Blanchard and John Arnott, at her birthday party at Prince's. Diane wore a lovely diamond necklace and earrings with her white nylon net and lace frock.

Social Gittings

THAT feeling of excitement in the air, the reappearance in Sydney hotels of all those familiar faces, and the invitations in the mail mean only one thing at this time of year.

The Spring Race Meeting is upon us, and with bags unpacked, country and interstate visitors are preparing to rally forth to join Sydney folk in the gay round of days at the races, parties, and balls.

Festivities began on Thursday night with the Matrons' Ball at Royal Sydney and the Lady Mayoress' Ball at the Town Hall.

THIS Friday, at the invitation of the Jack Vivers', of Glen Innes, country and city friends will gather at "The Pub" to drink a toast to newly engaged Barbara Vivers and "Tiggy" Moses. Later in the evening, frills and furbelows will be out for Derby Eve's "Naughty Nineties Night at the Pan-tomime," where the W. J. Smiths will preside over the gaieties.

STAY-OUT-LATES will be early starters for Randwick on Saturday for Derby Day. A luncheon party will be given there by Elizabeth Northcott in the Vice-Regal rooms, and Mrs. Alan Potter, wife of the A.J.C. chairman, will entertain at lunch and afternoon tea. The day's wins and losses are sure to be main conversational topics at Sir Colin and Lady Anderson's race party on board Oronsay afterwards. Order of the day on Sunday will be impromptu parties and relaxation as racing enthusiasts prepare for Metropolitan Day on Monday.

A COCKTAIL party hosted by Mrs. Hugh Munro at the Australia will be one of many before Tuesday's Black and White Ball, where elegant matrons and pretty girls will step out in glamor gowns.



ENGAGED. Stephanie Burge and fiance John Hole celebrate their engagement at Prince's. Stephanie is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Beresford Burge, of Edgecliff. John is eldest son of Cdr. G. F. Hole, R.N., retired, and Mrs. Hole, of Burradoo.



ROUND THE RADIOGRAM. Host and hostess Graham and Morna McPherson (right) confer with Susan McPhee (left), Mary Roberts, Douglas Agnew, and Robert Martyr on next tune to be played at the dance they gave at their parents' Bellevue Hill home.



CHRISTENING. Baby John Wayne Fitzpatrick with his smiling parents, Mr. and Mrs. Kevin Fitzpatrick, of "Lochnagar," Ivanhoe (right), and godparents Mr. and Mrs. William Childs, of Kogarah, after his christening at St. Patrick's, Kogarah.



AT RECEPTION. Spring flowers form a background for Mr. and Mrs. John Newton, who were among guests at the University Club's annual spring cocktail party. President of the club, Mr. Bryan Fuller, K.C., and Mr. Vivian Brain received the guests.



ATTRACTIVE TRIO. Judy King (left) and sisters Pam and Marilyn McCathie were among spectators at Kirribilli House when the younger set of the Black and White Ball committee held their fashion parade.



GARDEN PARTY. Mrs. Peter Hull Smith (left), Mrs. Brian Piper, and Mrs. Roly Jennings have a quiet snack after catering for guests at the morning party given by the Karitane Kuring-gai Auxiliary in the lovely grounds of the Brian Pipers' Gordon home. Proceeds will go to the Auxiliary's Mobile Clinic.

COME rain or shine, on Wednesday the spring's smartest frocks will be worn for Ladies' Day at Randwick and at the Australian Club's "At Home" after the races. The week will end on Saturday with more races and a final social flourish at Royal Sydney's race-week party.

COUNTRY visitors in town for the meeting include the Bob Astons, of "Checkers," Cargo; the Douglas Munros, of "Gundibiri," Merriwa; the Cecil Lasts, of "Rawilla," Muttama; three Moses brothers, Bill, Fred, and Henry, and their wives; the E. S. Katers, of Warren; Mrs. Graham Body, of Inverell; the Ted Bodes, from Trangie; Mrs. Rex Middleton, from Benalong; and the Phillip Parburys, from Wollongong. Up from Melbourne are regular spring visitors Mr. and Mrs. Louis Nelken; also Sir Harold and Lady Luxton and Mr. and Mrs. Alec Creswick.

"DOPE charge" was directed against A.J.C. handicapper Mr. G. F. Wilson when he attended Press party given by A.J.C. committee members at Randwick. But it was all in the spirit of fun, as Mr. Wilson was wearing an extra outside carnation of a wonderful variety in his buttonhole. After much ribbing the carnation was presented to A.J.C. analyst Jean Kimble for "swabbing." Carnation vied with blooms grown by Mr. P. Blackshaw, who is in charge of nurseries at Randwick. The wonderful display of cinerarias, schizanthus, and primulas will be used to decorate the rooms over the Spring Meeting.

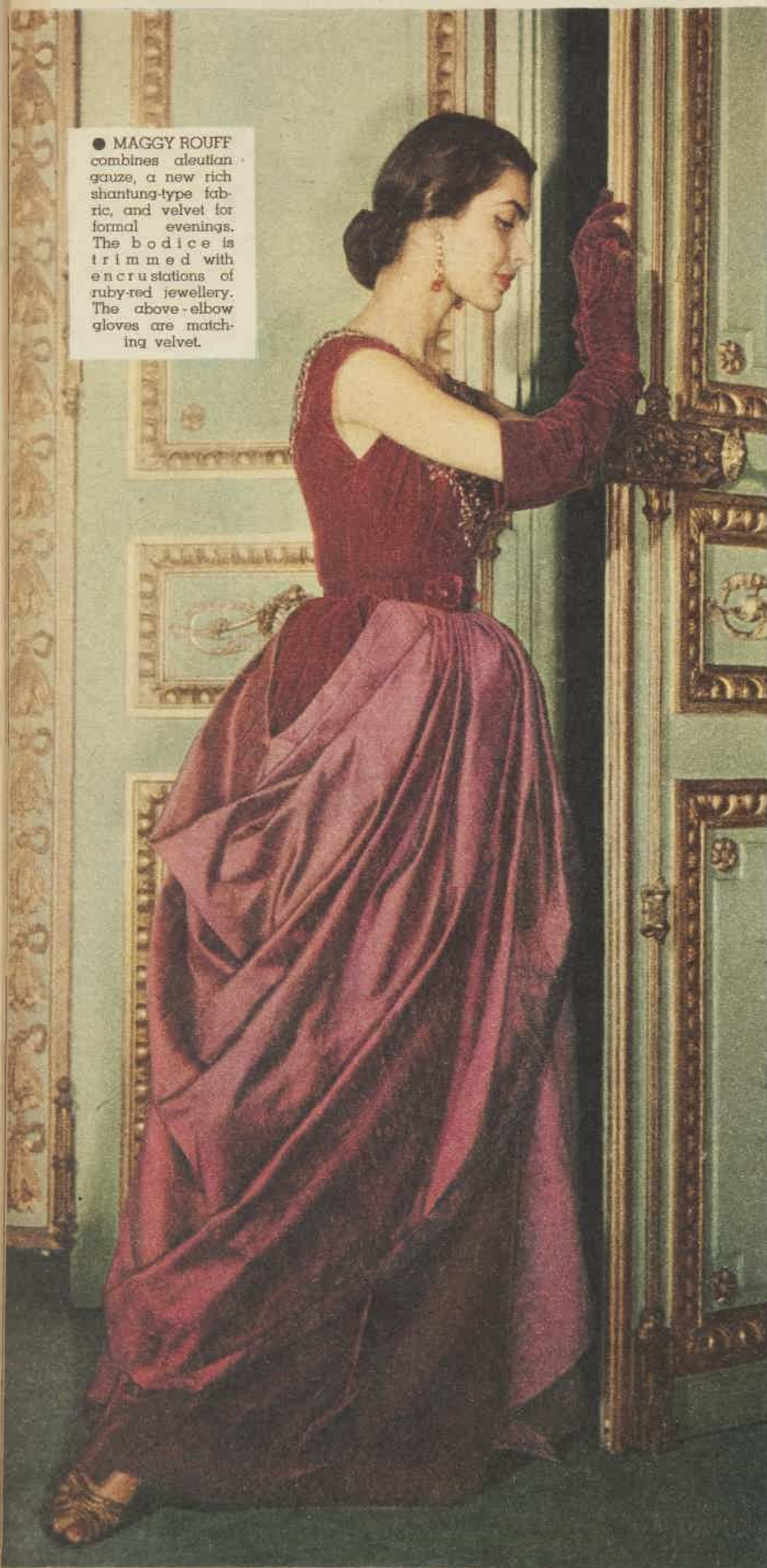
MEDITERRANEAN honeymoon on the lovely island of Majorca for Sydney girl Lyle Pope, who was married to London barrister Patrick Bennett at Our Lady of Victories, Kensington Square. Lyle, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Pope, of Marrickville, took her wedding dress to London with her. It was a copy of a Pierre Balmain model featuring a motif of leaves and pearl-centred flowers on the panniered hipline. With it she wore a coronet of slipper-satin gardenias hand-made by her mother and airmailed to England. The couple will make their home in London.

ANNOUNCEMENT of Ngaere Tweedie's engagement to John Messner, of Gordon, which followed swiftly on Ngaere's return from five years abroad, was not altogether a surprise to their friends. The couple had corresponded regularly while Ngaere and her mother, Mrs. Renee Tweedie, of Double Bay, were on their travels in the States, Mexico, Cuba, Great Britain, and the Continent, and John was on the wharf to greet her when she returned. Ngaere has chosen a solitary diamond for her engagement ring.

Anne

MAGNIFICENT COLOR AT PARIS OPENINGS

● **MAGGY ROUFF** combines aleutian gauze, a new rich shantung-type fabric, and velvet for formal evenings. The bodice is trimmed with encrustations of ruby-red jewellery. The above-elbow gloves are matching velvet.



● The delectable colors and fashions shown on the pages below come direct from Paris autumn dress collections. Colors to carry on through the season are vivid green, ripe yellow, rich purple, and a wonderful crimson lake.



● **SHADED** blue-and-white chiffon evening gown has a gracefully gathered skirt and moulded bodice finished with a halter neckline. Design by Jean Dessès.



● **FABULOUS** COAT by Jacques Fath has tent-like proportions. The model is lined with black Persian lamb. Forward-tilted hat, revers, and collar match the lining.



● BUTTERCUP-YELLOW VELVET evening dress, by Lanvin. The enormous bustle bow on the skirt is trimmed with a trail of matching roses. As with most topless models in Paris this season, the long gloves match the dress.



● TWO VIEWS of Paquin's purple-and-lime satin evening dress. The model has an interesting rectangular off-shoulder decolletage. The enormous bustle bow shoots from a triangular plastron in the centre front of the bodice.



● FATH'S ENSEMBLE for day wear, above, combines a yellow velvet coat and cream wool dress. The coat has leg-of-mutton sleeves made in beaver.



● DRAGONFLY-BLUE SATIN for Paquin's short-skirted evening dress, above right. Model has new "bell" skirt, puffed sleeves, and wide decolletage neckline.



● MAGGY ROUFF designed the short-skirted evening model, at right. The slim dress made in satin has a matching halter-neckline overdress in gauze.

For any hour of the sun—there's an

Adelyn

A marvellous weaver on or off the shoulder—a perfect washer in colourful British Seersucker.



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"Dri-Glo" naps

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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● Shantung and tie-silk are two popular materials for a spring-into-summer suit, and either is wise buying for the girl on a budget. This fabric news answers a reader's query.

"I HAVE bought some off-white shantung and am wondering if it would do to make a suit. If so, would you please suggest a style? I have not much money for dressing, so want to be able to wear the suit in the evening as well as during the day. Could you also give me a design for a light, dressy blouse or front in parma violet chiffon?"

A shantung suit is right in current fashion and, with the clever choice of a blouse, it can lead two lives. Design for the suit is illustrated at the right. For the daytime it would be perfect worn with one of the new tailored no-sleeve blouses, made in brown cotton. After dark I like the idea of a blouse made entirely of pleats (see inset). This could be in chiffon, as you suggest, or any other type of sheer.

Autumn coat

"AS I will be abroad next autumn, I would like advice on what kind of coat will be fashionable next season. A coat with a fitted waist and a wide skirt appeals to me."

The coat with a well-defined waistline and full skirt will again be in fashion next autumn. What makes the coat look really new is the way the skirt fullness is distributed. Last autumn hemlines rippled and swirled. For the coming autumn the hem-



A SHANTUNG SUIT for summer can be worn with pleated chiffon blouse or tailored shirt.

line is like a hoop, and the skirt stands out from the figure. In Paris this silhouette is called "bell," and is being launched in almost every new dress collection.

Coolie shape

"AN older woman, I like to be dressed in the fashion. Would you suggest a new shape for my spring hat?"

A coolie shape is very new and is as good for older women as it is for young. Have it made with a medium brim width and trimmed with a coarse mesh veiling.

Evening dress
"I AM going to a big ball, and the style for my dress worries me. The mother of three children, I am 36 years of age, and don't want to look ridiculous in a bare-top evening frock. I have nearly decided on saxe-blue satin for material."

Midnight-blue satin would have more character than saxe-blue, but color, of course, depends on one's own taste. My suggestion is a sleeveless bodice with a winged decolletage spreading back from the neckline in curling points. You could combine this top with either a slim or a wide skirt. If you decide on the former, have it finished with four floating panels. They are still being worn and, I think, are very graceful.

Royal choice

"WHAT do you think is the most becoming shade of brown for a frock? I have medium brown coloring."

Pale brown would suit your coloring. Princess Margaret wore this shade at the Derby race meeting this year. The brown was combined with white in a small check, and was worn with white accessories. An interesting fashion fact is that brown has not formerly been a popular color in the Royal household.

Skirt silhouette

"SHOULD I have a full or narrow skirt on a frock for spring? A skirt that is not too narrow suits me better, but I want the frock to be in the latest fashion."

If you prefer skirt fullness certainly have your dress made that way. Actually there are two distinct approaches to the spring silhouette. One is sleek and slim, the other soft and full. Sheers look best with billowy skirts, and heavier weaves such as linen and shantung are suitable for slimmer lines.

"DOLORES": An attractive five-piece lingerie set made in good quality rayon crepe-de-chine. Colors available are pale pink, sky-blue, lemon, eau-de-nil, and white.

Ready To Wear: Nightgown—Sleeves 32 and 34 in. bust, 22 1/2; 36 and 38 in. bust, 24 1/2. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

Slip: Sleeves 32 and 34 in. bust, 23 1/2; 36 and 38 in. bust, 25 1/2. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

Bed-jacket: Sleeves 32 and 34 in. bust, 23 1/2; 36 and 38 in. bust, 25 1/2. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

Half Slip: Sleeves 24 1/2, 26, and 28 in. waist, 34 1/2; 30 and 32 in. waist, 36 1/2. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

Scanties: Sleeves 24 1/2, 26, and 28 in. waist, 15 1/2; 30 and 32 in. waist, 17 1/2. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Fashion Frocks are sent by registered post. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 48.



Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



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They're not duplicates

Most girls would agree that the next best thing to being a film star is to look like one. Not so these three movie belles, who consider it is far better to be successful in their own right.



CONSTANCE SMITH (above), Dublin's gift to the theatre, is said to be a double for Hedy Lamarr and the coming star for 1952. Spirited Constance ignores the first claim, encourages the other. Her next appearance will be in "Red Skies Over Montana," for 20th Century-Fox.

RUTH ROMAN (right), a "Life" cover-girl of last year and a rising star since, has played mainly dramatic roles, is hailed as another Bette Davis. Ambitious Ruth says "I'm working hard." She will appear in "Lightning Strikes Twice" (Warners).



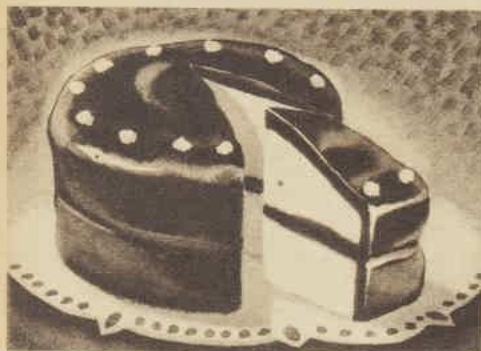
MARTA TOREN (above) is a girl who wants to be herself, but people insist that she is another Ingrid Bergman. Born in Sweden, trained at the Royal Dramatic Academy in Stockholm by the same instructor who tutored Ingrid, Marta shares the limelight in "Sirocco," Columbia's new film, with a Bergman leading man—Humphrey Bogart.



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...with the Bournville Cocoa recipe for

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4 ozs. S.R. Flour, 3 eggs, 4 ozs. sugar
1 tablespoon boiling water
1 teaspoon melted butter

Line two 7" sandwich tins with well-greased kitchen paper. Break the eggs into a fairly large basin, and add the sugar to them. Whisk well for about 20 minutes until the mixture is light and fluffy. Mix in the sieved flour as lightly as possible, and when well blended, pour the mixture into the prepared tins and bake in a moderate oven of 350°F for 25 minutes, until golden brown and firm to the touch. When cooked, turn out on to a wire cake tray or sieve, and cool. When cold, split in half, spread with coffee butter icing, or any other preferred filling. Sandwich together and coat with chocolate icing. Decorate the top simply with cherries or crystallised violets.

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A.M.

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CITY FILM GUIDE

CAPITOL—"Apache Drums," story of Indian uprisings, starring Stephen McNally, Coleen Gray. Plus "The Merry Monarchs," musical comedy, starring Donald O'Connor, Peggy Ryan.

CENTURY—"I'd Climb the Highest Mountain," period romance, starring Susan Hayward, William Lundigan. Plus "Campus Honey-moon."

CIVIC—"Belle le Grande," gambling melodrama, starring John Carroll, Vera Ralston. Plus "High Tide."

EMBASSY—"The Elusive Pimpernel," period adventure in technicolor, starring David Niven, Margaret Leighton. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE—"The House on Telegraph Hill," murder mystery, starring Richard Baschart, Valentina Cortesa. (See review this page.) Plus "Arson, Inc."

LIBERTY—"The Great Caruso," technicolor drama based on life of Enrico Caruso, starring Mario Lanza, Ann Blyth. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM—"Desert Hawk," Oriental romantic adventure, starring Yvonne de Carlo, Richard Greene. Plus "Target Unknown," starring Mark Stevens, Joyce Holden.

LYRIC—"Crossfire," mystery, starring Robert Mitchum, Robert Young, Robert Ryan. Plus "Thunder Mountain," starring Tim Holt.

MAYFAIR—"Bright Leaf," a story of romance and financial rivalry in the South, starring Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal. Plus featurettes.

PARK—"Call Me Mister," wartime musical comedy, starring Betty Grable, Dan Dailey. Plus "Insurance Investigator," starring Richard Denning.

PLAZA—"Caged," drama of women's prison, starring Eleanor Parker, Agnes Moorehead. Plus "Bandit Queen," starring Barbara Britten, Willard Parker.

PRINCE EDWARD—"Dear Brut," family comedy, starring Mona Freeman, Billy de Wolfe, Lyle Bettger. Plus "High Venture," starring Dennis O'Keefe, John Payne.

REGENT—"The Flame and the Arrow," technicolor period adventure, starring Burt Lancaster, Virginia Mayo. Plus "Three Husbands," comedy, starring Ruth Warrick, Emylia Williams.

SAVOY—"Kon-Tiki," documentary film on actual Pacific expedition. Plus "Magic Town," starring James Stewart, Jane Wyatt.

ST. JAMES—"Go For Broke," battlefield adventure, starring Van Johnson. (See review this page.) Plus "Painted Hills," outdoor film in technicolor, starring Lassi.

STATE—"Up Front," wartime comedy, starring David Wayne, Tom Ewell. Plus "Katie Did It," romantic comedy, starring Ann Blyth, Mark Stevens.

VARIETY—"The Razor's Edge," dramatic filmisation of Somerset Maugham's novel, starring Tyrone Power, Gene Tierney, Anne Baxter.

VICTORY—"Tomahawk," pioneering adventure, starring Van Heflin, Yvonne de Carlo, Preston Foster. Plus "Hollywood Story," mystery, starring Richard Conte, Julia Adams.

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with Irium"

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Why? Because only Pepsodent contains Irium—the wonder ingredient that combats film. Film builds constantly on everyone's teeth. Film clouds natural whiteness, glues acid to teeth, assists decay. Removes dulling film with Pepsodent. Pepsodent with Irium, removes film quickly, efficiently, pleasantly—reveals the true whiteness of your teeth!



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PL 87 WW 81

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ ★ House on Telegraph Hill

FOX'S suspense film tells the story of a man who is prepared to liquidate anybody who stands in his path to inheriting a fortune.

As thrillers go, "House on Telegraph Hill" is quite good; that it somehow fails to reach the top flight of crime films is not the fault of the capable cast but due to an untidy build-up to the finale.

Effective San Francisco backgrounds and moody atmospheric shots help a lot to keep things simmering.

Valentina Cortesa brings talent and Continental style to the role of a Polish refugee who passes herself off as a deceased friend in order to secure entry into the United States.

By this action she automatically becomes a potential murder victim and is plunged into a series of off-horror happenings.

Richard Basehart gives another of his specialised studies in villainy, while nice William Lundigan is kept diving in and out of the film action comforting Miss Cortesa.

In Sydney—Esquire.

★ Go for Broke

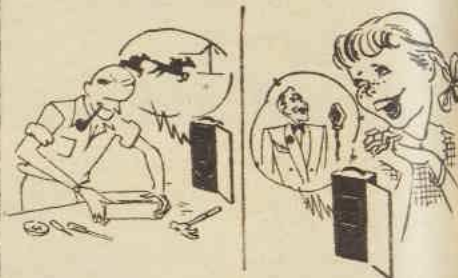
BATTLEFIELDS of Italy and France are the background of M.G.M.'s "Go For Broke," a pictorial illustration of how an infantry combat team composed entirely of Americans of Japanese descent won praise and honor by its exploits.

Van Johnson plays the part of a newly promoted lieutenant who, against his will, is put in charge of the platoon at training camp in Mississippi in 1944.

What plot there is deals with the conversion of the lieutenant's dislike of his troops to admiration for their behaviour in battle when they rescue a group of Americans from German machine-gun fire.

The film ends with the decoration of the regiment by the United States President while the regimental flag flutters overhead bearing the words "Go For Broke"—pidgin English translation of "Up and at 'em."

In Sydney—St. James.



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1 POPULAR opera star Gus Caraffa (Ezio Pinza) and his sweetheart Lili (Maria Palmer) lead a sophisticated New York set. But outspoken Gus has social enemies.

2 ADMIRING Gus, chorus girl Isabelle (Janet Leigh) meets him when she twists her ankle at his speakeasy. Gus is sympathetic, but press agent Bill Dempsey (Millard Mitchell), left, thinks she plans to compromise Gus as part of his enemies' "smear" campaign.



3 PERSUADING Gus that he is right, Dempsey takes photographs of a compromising situation into which he tricks the infatuated Isabelle. He means to use the photographs to forestall blackmail.

4 MARRIAGE of convenience is necessary between Gus and Isabelle when Dempsey's plan boomerangs and the incriminating photo is stolen for use in blackening Gus' reputation. Isabelle proves that she is not implicated.



STRICTLY DISHONORABLE

ADAPTED from a play by Preston Sturges, M.G.M.'s "Strictly Dishonorable" is a sophisticated romance spiced with musical presentations. Filling the central role, former opera star Ezio Pinza, as an attractive and temperamental singer during the gay 'twenties, sings several ballads as well as arias from "Faust" and "The Marriage of Figaro."

Janet Leigh is cast opposite him and Viennese actress Maria Palmer, who scored a success in the Broadway play "The Moon Is Down," appears as the "other woman" in the romantic triangle.

The supporting cast includes Millard Mitchell, Gale Robbins, and Italian couple Silvio and Esther Minciotti, who are well known in New York theatrical circles.



5 AFFECTION grows between Gus' mother (Esther Minciotti) and Isabelle, who loves Gus and wants to win his love.

6 THREATENING breach-of-promise suit, Gus' former sweetheart Lili forces him to sign a document to annul marriage on grounds that it was arranged to avoid blackmail.



7 BACKSTAGE after a brilliant performance in "Faust," Gus receives news that Isabelle agreed to free him from their marriage and left for her home as soon as she heard of the document he signed. The news makes him realise he loves her.



8 FORGIVEN by Isabelle, when he rushes to the station and begs her not to leave, Gus tells her that she has become important to him. Happily, they plan their future together.

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in 14 days!



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THIS IS ALL YOU DO: Wash your face with Palmolive soap. Then, for 60 seconds, massage your clean face with Palmolive's soft, lovely lather. Rinse! Do this twice a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage will bring your skin Palmolive's full beautifying effect. Begin it to-day!

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This year it's a sensation—the biggest choice ever—gleaming satin lastex, Nylon, gaberdine or Bruck's famous Convoy fabric. They're all ready for you now at your favourite men's store—move in early for the widest selection.



Speedo boxer shorts, in a range of specially selected materials which shed water like a duck's back. Your choice of Nylon, the wonder cloth, Bruck's famous Convoy fabric or English gaberdine. In-built support and key/coin pocket. New wider colour range.

Speedo "Beachmates". Matching boxer shorts and beach coat in Bruck Convoy fabric. Buy them separately or as a pair.

Gleaming satin lastex by Joytex of Scotland, Speedo tailored for perfect muscle-flexing freedom in five eye-catching, sun-catching colours.



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For Boy's too!

Modelled on boxer short lines like Dad's. Speedo tailored from sturdy, long-wearing Bruck fabric in plain colours; also in bright nautical patterns that take a boy's eye. At leading stores and drapers everywhere.



FREE—SPEEDO BEACH PACK At no extra charge your Speedo beach shorts come in a special plastic Beach Pack—wonderful for cigarettes, matches and personal items on the beach.

SPEEDO KNITTING MILLS PTY. LTD. • SYDNEY

Round The Rugged Rocks

Continued from page 9

JOHN was out of his depth again. Milton Myers went on: "The betting will be on the jockeys, not on the ponies. There will be four jockeys in each race—fifteen ponies to each jockey, and each pony races for only one minute. At the end of each minute the pistol goes off, the jockeys dash to their corners, lean on to the next pony, and away they go again."

His voice shook with emotion. "I can see it all—the packed audience all yelling. One of the jockeys, through exhaustion, falls from the saddle and has to be brought round by his seconds. The whole place rises to its feet and gives him a big hand as he climbs back into the saddle. The gun goes."

His voice rose excitedly. "This time they have to change their saddles as well, so his saddle starts slipping off, and the whole house is trying to warn him as he gallops round lap after lap."

John was beginning to feel the excitement; he was gripping the edge of the bar.

"It can't miss, can it?" Myers grabbed John by the arm.

"No," said John in a daze, "I don't believe it can!"

A break came into Milton Myers' voice. "But it's no use. They just won't listen to me. I've been in to see them all, and they all say the same—let's look at it first; then if it's good—we'll buy it." He shook his head sadly.

"No, I'm afraid I'm washed up." His shoulders sagged dejectedly. John felt very sorry for him and ordered some more drinks. That was a fatal mistake. Two hours later he accepted the Presidency of the Indoor Horse Racing Association, Inc.

Patricia Polliniri really put Indoor Horse Racing Inc. on its feet. John returned from

his first day of demonstrating "squashette" to be greeted by the news.

Mr. Armstrong had decided to accept Mr. Myers' very generous offer to let him have the last two thousand shares of stock for fifteen hundred dollars. Milton Myers on hearing the news immediately changed into top gear.

"First we must have an office and a secretary," he announced. And later that day John was horrified to hear his partner over the telephone renting half a floor of a large office building.

Miss Fitch, secretary, arrived the next day. She was twenty-eight, and fell in love with John at first sight. She brought her own typewriter with her, which was a blessing.

Salesmen for various articles of office equipment started to pour in. The financing was done surprisingly quickly; Jake Despard decided to put in a thousand dollars and two of his friends enthusiastically came in as well; soon ten thousand dollars were subscribed and John felt tremendously important as he signed his name on the stock issue above the word "President."

NEXT, the services of a moderately reliable horse dealer were obtained, and the buying of the ponies was put in hand. It was essential, for the spectacular effect of the venture, to collect fast, good-looking animals; but it was equally important to spend the minimum amount of money, so a string of strong, fast, but half-witted animals began to accumulate; many were quite mad and could not even be approached by normal human beings.

Normal human beings, however, had little or nothing to

do with the enterprise, and the riders were no exception. Miss Fitch gaped wonderingly at the stream of strange-looking visitors which now flowed through the office: circus riders, ex-jockeys, broncho-busters, and Indians (both turbaned and Red). Milton Myers' days with the circus were standing him in good stead.

Milton Myers disappeared for two days to make arrangements for a Grand Opening; when he came back he radiated success.

"Ocean City!" he cried as he trotted into the office. "It's all set! We've got the auditorium—the biggest in the world—holds thirty-two thousand people. We can't miss!" He waved a piece of paper excitedly. "There it is, the contract for six days. May twenty-six, in three weeks' time."

He then began unrolling a large poster. "Now look at this." It showed a head-on collision at full gallop between two enormous stallions; distended nostrils and flailing hoofs were everywhere. Two men were also portrayed. One was being trampled to death by one of the stallions, the other was flying through the window of a blazing house. Chills! Spills! and Thrills!! screamed the caption.

"Isn't that great?" cried Milton Myers.

"Wonderful," said John in an awed voice, "er—what's all that fire business?"

"Ah, ha! There you are," chortled Milton Myers. "You saw it on the poster and you wondered about it, so you asked me, didn't you? Now if you'd been in Ocean City you'd have bought a ticket and gone in to find out for yourself, wouldn't you? See? Get 'em there, that's all we have to do!"

The next three weeks were a nightmare, but somehow everything was accomplished. The ponies were bought and the riders somehow brought them to a state of semi-submission; the programmes were arranged; the peanut and popcorn concessions were allocated and the chief of police at Ocean City suggested that he himself should nominate good honest bookies, "well known to me personally."

John had gone down to handle this part of the preparations after Milton Myers had calmly informed him that betting was illegal in that State. He met with surprising co-operation.

"Don't you worry about a thing, kid," said the chief of police kindly. "Your customers will get their betting, the bookies will get their bets and I will get . . . er—the gratitude of the bookies." He spread greedy-looking hands. "Everybody will be happy." He leaned forward at his desk. "One thing I'd like to know, though, is how come you managed to square all this with Lefty?"

"Yeah. Lefty Orbach." "I've never heard of him."

"Oh, so you've never heard of Lefty Orbach?" said the chief of police slowly. "Well now, that's just dandy. That explains everything . . . everything . . ." He smiled queerly. "Looks like you should have a most interesting time here."

"Now, just a minute," said John. "Who is this Lefty Orbach?"

The policeman lowered his voice. "He runs this town, that's all, son. Why, out of every nickel that goes into a slot machine on the amusement pier two cents go to Lefty. And if anyone operates here without his permission," he paused, "well, he just suddenly stops operating."

"You mean he is a sort of gangster?" asked John.

"Shhhhh!" said the chief of police. "We don't use that word around these parts."

ON his way to the station John pondered deeply over this conversation. A large advertisement caught his eye: "Chills, Spills, and Thrills."

Back in New York Milton Myers was bursting with excitement. "Johnny Boy, we are all set up. There's nothing left to arrange except the hospital."

John was becoming inoculated against surprises. He just waited in silence for the explanation.

"When one of the boys falls off at the turn, which he will do when we give him the signal; and, incidentally, Jim Curtis is the boy for that, he worked for years as a stunt man in Hollywood and he can fall on a dime and bring his horse down with him if we want him to . . . well, when one of the boys falls we must dash out and pick him up on a stretcher and take him to the hospital and patch him up so he can get back into the race."

"Where is this hospital going to be?" asked John in a restrained voice.

"Why, out in the middle of the track, under the arc lights, of course, where the audience can watch him being patched up. Then he limps back to his team, mounts again, and away he goes." He broke off to inquire, "How did you make out with the betting?"

John told him. "Also," he added, "there seems to be a person called Lefty Orbach who runs the whole place. Do you know anything about him?"

Milton Myers did not answer immediately. "Yeah, that's right. I have been expecting to hear from him, but he's got nothing on us and we've got so far along now without interference that there's nothing much he can do."

On the hottest day of the year Indoor Horse Racing Association, Inc., arrived in Ocean City. Milton Myers, determined that the local inhabitants should be given every opportunity to notice this arrival, arranged for the entire troupe to get lost between the railway station and the Municipal Auditorium on the sea front—a distance of three-quarters of a mile.

A hundred and twenty ponies, controlled intermittently by some forty or fifty cowboys and Indians in full regalia, took six hours to cover the ground between these points. Not a main street in the city was missed out; traffic throughout the whole area was thrown into hopeless confusion.

Milton Myers was delighted. He and John were following in an open car at the tail end of the procession.

"Good word-of-mouth advertising," he said. "How do you feel, Captain?"

John looked down at the uniform which Milton Myers had hired for him, and in which he was to lead the Grand Parade every night. It was a Broadway costumier's idea of how an officer of the Swiss Guard would have looked at the turn of the eighteenth century.

"Frightful," he said sourly. The day before the opening was spent in feverish activity. Milton Myers was superb. In his office the Press was received and left two hours later full of gin and goodwill.

"Incidentally, John," said Milton Myers, "in the new edition of the programme you will have a Victoria Cross instead of a Military Cross. Okay?"

"Okay," said John in a small voice.

"Now about finances. We have not got enough dough left to hire an orchestra, rent the hospital equipment, or pay the nurse and doctor to run the joint. I have taken care of the orchestra situation by hiring an organist. This place has an enormous pipe organ. Now about the hospital. This is where you come in."

"Me?" said John with a sinking heart.

"Sure. As soon as you get back from leading the parade you become a doctor. All you need is a white coat, one of those little hats like they wear in India, some rubber gloves, and a piece of gauze tied over your mouth. We are rigging up some fancy-looking hospital equipment out of some things I've borrowed from an old friend of mine; she operates a beauty parlor here."

John sat down. "Are you going to be the nurse, by any chance?"

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Their work is aimed at developing immunisation techniques and discovering a cure for the disease.

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He has made great contributions to virus research.

You can read an intimate story about Sir Macfarlane Burnet and his work on viruses in the October issue of A.M., the Australian Monthly.

Although A.M. now has more pages and more color pages, its price is still only 1/-. Buy your copy to-day.

"Me? No! I thought perhaps Miss Windsor might help us out. You did say she was coming down for the opening, didn't you?"

John sighed. "Yes, I did."

The next day Ann arrived from New York. The box office was due to open one and a half hours before the start of the first race and, before it did so, John took her outside a dozen times so that they could walk nonchalantly past and count the number of people standing in line before the closed windows.

Although a nervous tension permeated the whole company, and even communicated itself to the ponies in their stalls, Milton Myers was as calm as a cucumber. He took Ann and John to have a last look inside the great auditorium, which certainly presented an impressive appearance.

Please turn to page 36

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especially medicated for "SKIN CARE"

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* Cadyl is a trademark brand of 5 rare beauty salts, exclusive to Rexona Soap. Research's skin-soothing formula, Cadyl, does what the pores want most: blemishes disappear.

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Round The Rugged Rocks

Continued from page 35

eyes like the visor of a knight in armor.

With the strength of a drowning man he clung limpet-like to the back of the saddle as he slithered about on the sleek and sloping rump of the galloping beast. The crowd roared its delight.

Rattlesnake, having completed one circuit of the track, headed round it again at great speed. The whole "yipping," galloping horde of horses and men was in full cry behind him, and the thought of what would happen should he slip off gave John a further incentive to hang on.

The crowd was in a fever of excitement. This was a real stunt! What a knock-out start to a show!

Rattlesnake galloped madly on, but this time, as they came once more opposite the entrance, the animal decided that it had had enough.

To the thunderous applause of the populace it flashed under the archway and out of sight.

Helping hands extricated John. Milton Myers dashed up, his face bathed in perspiration. "Great stuff! Johnny Boy, great stuff! Just what we needed to start us off. They're all yelling for you. Go out there now and take a bow." He propelled John towards the entrance.

John tottered in a dazed way into the arena. From high in the dome of the auditorium the searching finger of a spotlight found him. The applause was deafening. After a few seconds' acclaim, Milton Myers called him back and Ann rushed into his arms. "Darling, promise me you will never, never do that again. I was sure that you were going to be killed."

John came back to earth as he looked into her eyes. "From now on," he said, "I am grounded."

Milton Myers bustled up again.

"Quick, get changed, we are just going to announce the first race."

John dashed away and was back in three minutes quite creditably disguised as a doctor. Ann, already changed, looked adorable in her neat white hospital uniform. Somebody loaded them both with towels and bandages and rolls of cotton-wool, and together they marched into the centre of the arena and struck what they hoped were professional attitudes among the camouflaged equipment of the beauty parlor.

There were six races on the programme, and the vast audience loved every minute of it.

The ponies did everything that Milton Myers had hoped they would and more. Some bolted, many bucked and reared, others chased attendants or tried to jump over the barrier into the ringside seats.

The riders were men of steel. What appeared to be the most appalling falls were taken; and the stretchers came and went like clockwork. No one was seriously hurt, and all got the same treatment from Doctor John and Nurse Ann. First, for a few seconds, the patient would be placed at full length under the hair-drier.

During this time John would question him as to whether he had fallen off on purpose or by mistake; but so well had

and pawed the air in terror, its eyes rolling.

"Steady, old man," John said hopefully.

Ann cried in alarm, "Oh, Johnny darling, are you going to ride that awful thing?"

"If I can get anywhere near it," he answered grimly.

The horse finally returned to all fours, and stood quivering. Milton Myers came up exuding confidence.

"Come on, Johnny Boy, up you hop. We are all ready to start. Now remember: twice round the ring slowly and a nice salute each time to the mayor in the box with all the flags on it. Then, when you come back, make a quick change into the doctor's outfit. Miss Windsor will be waiting for you right over there beside the entrance—and good luck, kid."

John advanced warily upon Rattlesnake. Several people came to help, and while some anchored the vibrating animal, others picked John up in a sitting position and hoisted him on top. He noted with relief that they placed him facing the same way as the horse, then gingerly he picked up the reins and Rattlesnake set an erratic course for the head of the column.

The organist, who had been regaling the packed and expectant auditorium with a few light and popular airs, spotted the gleaming top of John's helmet far below him and caught a glimpse of the animals and men lined up behind. This was his moment. He pulled out every stop in the organ and brought eight fingers, two thumbs and two feet simultaneously into action.

A THUNDEROUS chord rent the air, and that was all that Rattlesnake needed. The animal coiled itself like a spring and leaped forward with the speed of light. John left the saddle, and for one awful moment thought he was going to alight in a sitting position on the ground.

Fortunately, he landed again on Rattlesnake, but this time behind the saddle instead of on top of it. The reins had left his hands at the same moment that his feet had left the stirrups; the golden helmet had fallen forward over his

EACH of the four corners of the auditorium was decked out in a different color—red, yellow, green, and blue; one for each team.

In the centre of the oblong quarter of a mile tanbark track was the hospital: even from the nearest seats it was impossible to realise that its gleaming and efficient-looking equipment was in reality a superb job of camouflaged hair-driers and manicure tables.

The popcorn and peanut men in their white caps and coats were setting up their trays and taking up their positions in the aisles; the ushers in the green uniform of the auditorium were gathering at the entrances; the clockers and scoreboard manipulators were moving into their appointed places; and high above the main entrance to the arena the organist was climbing into his eyrie.

Milton Myers looked round proudly, then gave the signal. The turnstiles clicked out the first welcome news and the seats began to fill up. John went off to don his uniform. When he came back Milton Myers and Ann were jubilant. "It's going to be a full house, Johnny Boy. Not a seat left in the place. Now all we have to do is give them a good show."

The ponies were being led out for the Grand Parade; they were in a highly nervous state, and a good deal of kicking and plunging was going on: cow-boy curses impregnated the air. Finally some semblance of a parade was organised and John went in search of his own mount.

He had ridden Rattlesnake several times in practice, but it was no good pretending that they had ever seen eye to eye. Now as the brute emerged from its stall John gave a start. In a moment of zeal Milton Myers had ordered Rattlesnake to be specially bedecked for the occasion, caparisoned like a war horse of the French cavalry before Agincourt.

But the shock that John received was as nothing compared to the effect his own appearance produced upon the horse. It took one look at his scarlet tunic and golden epaulettes, his white breeches and fireman's helmet, and a shrill whinny of fear rent the air. It reared up on its hind legs

The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

"COME on, Bill, let's tackle that garden," John Dorn said to his son one Saturday morning.

With a cheery "Okay, Dad" Bill followed his father into the garden. While they mowed the lawn and weeded flower-beds, three-year-old Marianne was helping Mother dust in the living-room. With her own apron, broom, and dustcloth she did the minor chores while Mrs. Dorn took care of the rest of the job.

Does it sound all too good to be true? Naturally, Bill was not always in such a co-operative mood nor Marianne as interested in dusting as in playing with her dolls. But the Dorns, like many other parents, had discovered that when they worked together with their children, things went much more smoothly



Working together.

than when a job was assigned to be done alone.

If children's first experiences with work are on this basis, they are much more likely to develop a feeling of satisfaction in work that will carry them over into finding fun in doing jobs by themselves.

All characters in this feature are fictitious.

Jim Curtis and his apprentices learned their trade that the hospital did not have to treat one unheard accident.

After the hair-drier inspection, Ann would pull a large X-ray photograph out of the drawer of the manicure table and John would ostentatiously hold it up to the light. This was the cue for the supposedly injured man to take up an attitude of supplication.

From the point of view of the audience, many of whom had placed bets on this particular rider, here was a moment of acute suspense.

WHEN it seemed as though the hard-hearted physician was about to refuse to let the brave jockey remount and carry on despite his fractures, booing broke out at scattered points, only to be drowned by the counter-cheers of those whose money might now stand a better chance.

John and Ann would then confer together, and a decision would be reached. Then Ann would bind up the patient, and John would dispense for him a stiff whisky out of one of the many medicine bottles, all filled in like manner and for the same purpose. The man would then stagger gamely back and remount.

The crowd swallowed it and yelled for more. Before the evening was half over Milton Myers, John, Ann, and everybody else connected with the Indoor Horse-Racing Association, Inc., knew that they had on their hands a hit of the most satisfactory proportions.

The next morning the Press endorsed their opinion. The sports pages carried glowing headlines. Milton Myers was ecstatic. John began to rehearse in his mind the words he would use when he asked Ann to marry him.

The show continued to draw packed houses and John left very content, sitting in his little inner office on the morning of the fourth day. He had been busily and happily checking the accounts, but now he was discoursing at length with a Mr. Henshaw, a reporter from one of the leading New York dailies, who had flown down.

John had answered all the questions about himself, and Mr. Henshaw was waiting for Milton Myers to appear when the door was opened by Miss Fitch. She turned her lovely eyes upon John. "Some gentlemen to see you, Mr. Hamilton."

The gentlemen, six in number, filed silently into the room. Two came round the desk and stood behind John's chair; two stayed by the door; one took up a position close to Mr. Henshaw by the window. The sixth, who appeared to be the leader, and who was short and fat and smiling, sat down on the opposite side of the desk and helped himself to one of Milton Myers' cigars.

John studied the grim men who were sprinkled about the room. They stared back at him with hard, belligerent eyes. Each had one hand in a pocket—the pockets appeared to sag heavily.

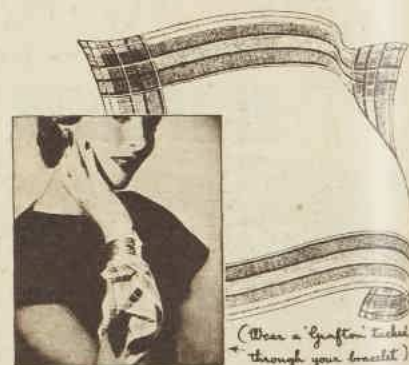
John shifted his gaze more to the small fat man before him. The man smiled back affably. "You Hamilton?"

"Yes," said John. The fat little man nodded in the direction of Mr. Henshaw. "Who's this bird?"

"He has an interest in our company," said John stiffly.

"Okay, he can stay." He turned once more towards John and smiled again. "My name is Lefty Orbach," he announced.

To be continued



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Home Hints BY DECOR

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should know
these wonderful
fashion facts



Thousands of women already profit from this wonderful invention which keeps frocks fresher, gay and more attractive with far less work. Whenever they buy rayon, cotton or linen, they see the material is marked **TEBILIZED** for tested crease-resistance. Many frocks straight from the iron are delightful — then they wilt. Materials marked **TEBILIZED** have been given power similar to wool's of resisting and recovering from creases. They stay remarkably fresh in wear, and need far less washing and ironing. Think of the saving in time and trouble to keep you looking smart! Fabrics marked **TEBILIZED** help you to make the best use of a small dress budget. The trade mark **TEBILIZED** will be found on ready-made garments and on fabrics made and styled by many well known British houses.

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TEBILIZED
for tested crease-resistance

THIS'LL MAKE
YOUR MOUTH WATER



**KEEN'S
MUSTARD**
makes good food taste better



K7/30

TEENA

by Linda Terry

NOW REMEMBER, YOU'RE TO DO YOUR HOMEWORK AND GO STRAIGHT TO BED. YOU NEED LOTS OF REST IF YOU'RE TO HAVE A CLEAR HEAD ON THOSE EXAMS TOMORROW. WE DON'T WANT ANY EXCUSES THIS MONTH...

YES, MUM.

I'LL JUST MAKE UP A BATCH OF FUDGE OR SOMETHING.

HMM... THIS SOUNDS SOOEY. PISTACHIO CARAMEL. THINK I'LL DUMP TH FUDGE AND TRY THAT INSTEAD.

TEENA! ARE YOU STILL UP? YOU HAD SPECIFIC INSTRUCTIONS TO GO STRAIGHT TO BED AS SOON AS YOU'D FINISHED YOUR HOMEWORK!

OOPS! MY HOMEWORK!

SANDWICHES - SODA - RADIO - BISCUITS - UH... SOME THINGS MISSING...

GOLLY, BUT I'VE POSITIVELY GOTTA CRAM FOR THAT GEOMETRY THIS TIME. NOW LET ME SEE...

LOLLIES!! THAT'S WHAT!

SYSTEM CRAVING FOR SWEETS TOO ABSOLUTELY DISTRACTING...

CAN'T STUDY THOUT LOLLIES.

NO TIME T GO T'W STORE, NOW.

WHAT A HOUSE... MUST BE SOME NUTS SOME PLACE.

OH, DARN! BURNING AGAIN! THAT'S THE FOURTH TIME!!

THE TWO ANGLES AT THE BASE OF AN ISOSCELES TRIANGLE - YAWN - ARE ALWAYS EQUAL... THE TWO ANGLES AT THE



You can say 'yes' to Romance

because Tact says 'no' to offending

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THE NEW COSMETIC DEODORANT

to safeguard your charm!

IT'S HARDER IN A TUBE



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Magging backache, aching joints that cripple you, may be due to tired kidneys leaving an excess of acid in your blood. Get DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills, a special medicine for the kidneys. For more than 30 years, DOAN'S have brought welcome relief to millions of sufferers from backache, rheumatism, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling, puffiness under eyes, headaches and dizziness. Get DOAN'S today. At Chemists and Stores all over the World.

DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS

YOU WERE CORRECT

"Hello Gillian dear—but you were actually correct when you told me that Vel-Lure active Wrinkle Cream does really remove wrinkles and crumple-les."

"Of course I was correct, my dear."

"Yes, but Gillian, people make such extravagant claims these days that I was rather apt to take your glowing praise of Vel-Lure with a pinch of salt—but definitely no more pinches or wrinkles for me... I am now a regular user of VEL-LURE."

Why not try GILLIAN'S independent treatment and see for YOURSELF? VEL-LURE active WRINKLE CREAM is not just a skin food. It goes right to the tired tissues where wrinkles commence. Regular treatment each night (it only takes a few minutes), will give you skin that supple, smooth, lovelier look.

Your local chemist has stocks—why not start today?

Small size tube ... 4/6
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active
WRINKLE CREAM

Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores. If unobtainable locally write to Vel-Lure Chemical Co., 12 Princess Ave., Rosbath, N.S.W.

As I read the Stars

By
EVE HILLIARD

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): A surprise packet on October 3 should push you up on to the next rung of the career ladder. More responsibility, but wider scope, should put you on your mettle. Don't let October 8 depress you.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): October 2 promises action and prospects of hitting the target, but on October 4 you are likely to go wide of the mark. Varying fortunes may persist until October 7.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): If you pussyfoot round obstacles on October 3, October 5 may bring you your wish.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): You are likely to balance the demands of home and your social or business life on October 5.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Health and nerves require care until October 8. Possibly unwelcome changes in connection with occupation are going to prove more agreeable than anticipated on October 3.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): If you are in the throes of a love affair, October 3 may give you a jolt. Pisceans of all ages should find October 6 is propitious.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

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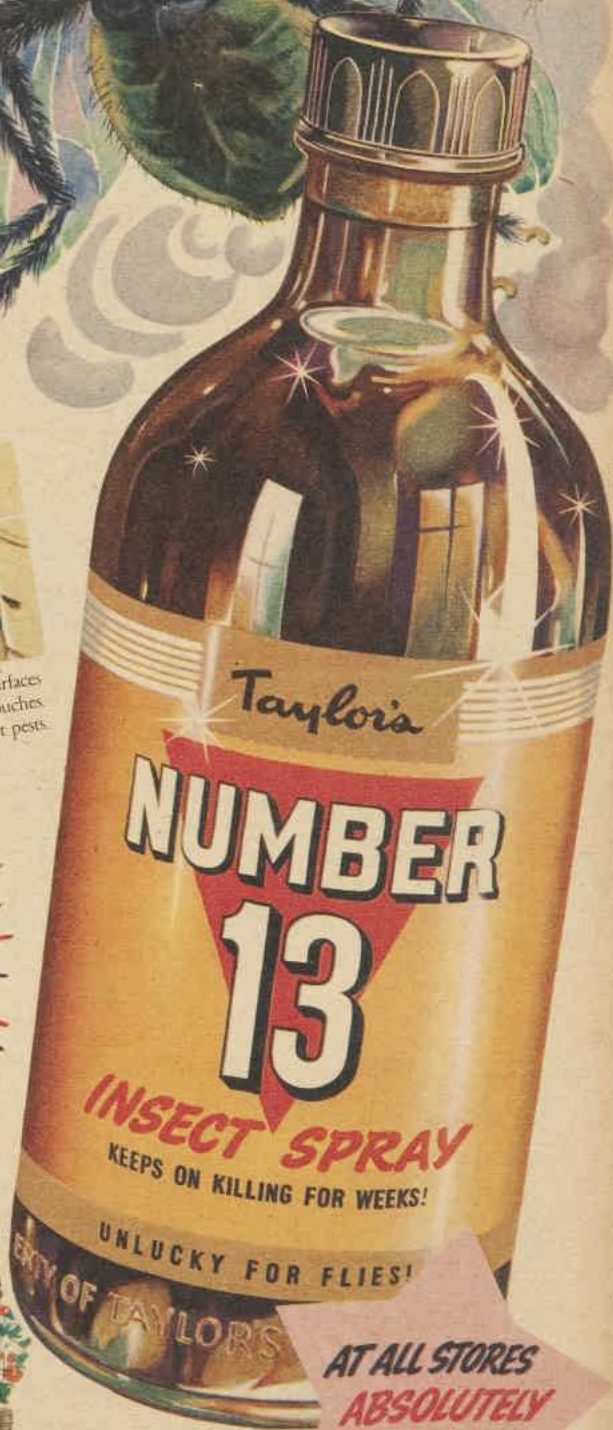
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CMF ENLISTMENT

IS MUCH MORE THAN A PERSONAL PROBLEM



When enlistment for part-time training in the C.M.F. (the Citizen Military Forces) is under discussion, it's natural to think of it as a purely personal problem. Especially if the man is near and dear to you.

But Australian women are big enough in outlook to see the national need for military training to keep our country secure. Australia cannot afford to maintain a large peace-time army. Her defence plans provide for a limited Regular Army, and allot a key

part to the C.M.F. in the event of war.

The C.M.F. will serve as an organised Force, and from its ranks will come a hard core of trained troops, and our future Officers and N.C.O.'s. Men who join now will be trained and in line for advancement, while others are still raw recruits.

So encourage your man to join the C.M.F. (or the Royal Australian Air Force Active Reserve). For a small part of his spare time he will secure training that may one day help to save his life.

YOU CAN BE PROUD OF THE MAN WHO IS WILLING TO DEFEND YOU

BONIFACE was watching Marshal Foch, who had a fodder-bag around his neck and was eating his dinner out. Boniface had served in the great war of 1914 under Foch. I guess he'd named his horse after the Marshal as a gesture of admiration.

Boniface was upset. He told me, for the fifteenth time in as many days, that Alphonse, the Duke of Roquefort, had not yet paid for the damages which had resulted when Alphonse's maroon convertible had collided with the rear of Boniface's landau fifteen days ago.

The maroon convertible stood parked near the Casino entrance. Voila, I thought, there is the Duke of Roquefort, taking Mary to dinner at the Bec Rouge, then to the Casino and then to the gala dance at the International Sporting Club. And I, Pierre Verdon, offered her a movie or a brisk sit on a park bench, ha-ha-ha.

I was still laughing at myself, in a rather unfunny way, when she came out of the Casino, alone. She had on a long dress of a cloudlike material. Stepping down the stairs, she looked like an angel on furlough.

"Hello," I said. "Oh," she said. There was still a lot of refrigeration in her look, but she didn't seem displeased to see me.

"Mon ange." "What's that?" "My angel," I said. "You look like one, too."

Marshal Foch turned his head and stopped eating. I introduced her to the Marshal and to Boniface. She tenderly stroked Marshal Foch on the cheek.

"Don't play around with Marshal Foch!" Boniface said to her gruffly. "He doesn't like women. He knows why Go for a walk with Pierre!"

To my utter surprise, she obliged. We walked down the

Icy Angel Continued from page 13

stairs to the terrace. "Alphonse is playing the roulette," she said, "but it was too hot in there for me. But I can't stay. I might catch cold out here and lose my voice. It's happened before."

"Must you think of your voice all the time?" I said.

"Yes." She sounded like a metal E string. "It's all I have. And I hope it will change a lot of things."

"You know how long it took me to scrape together the money for this trip? Five years. Five long, endless, terrible years, working in cafeterias, department stores, offices. Working overtime, holidays, Sundays. Think that was fun?"

She shrugged. "I never had money. When I was very young, my father walked out on my mother and she was left alone with me, without a penny. It's not going to happen to me. I don't want to depend on a man. I'd rather depend on my voice."

She got up. "Sorry," she said. "I don't know why I'm telling you all this. I'll have to go back. Alphonse promised to introduce me to the manager of the Opera."

From the Hotel de Paris came music, sweet and soft. You'd expect the man to take the woman in his arms, and the woman to melt like a two-week ration of butter.

Mesdames et messieurs, I know I was betraying Uncle Philibert's memory and my French heritage, but I couldn't take her in my arms then. I just couldn't. Her lips were set and her eyes were grim.

She was an angel, but ice had formed on her wings. Take it from me, I haven't been a bomber pilot in the war for nothing. She had to be defrosted first—but how?

I said, "I hope you won't make a mistake about your

voice, mon ange. Look what happened to Madame Laroche."

She gave me a questioning look.

I said, "At the height of her fame Madame Laroche had to have an operation. When she came back from the hospital, she was fini for the stage."

"She still sings songs at home, but the voice isn't strong enough for anything else. Sometimes Monsieur Laroche gets us free tickets to the Opera and I go there with Madame. She listens quietly, watching the young women who now sing her parts."

STEALING

a look at Mary, I saw she was listening to me. I went on: "You can feel what it means to her to be close again for a few minutes to the sounds and smells of the theatre. People walk by—artists, musicians. They all greet Monsieur Laroche, because he's the stage director, an important person. But if she could sing only once again. At the opera or on the radio. Any place."

The girl nodded. "Her voice is still beautiful. She sang to-day during my lesson."

I said, "I have four of her recordings—the only ones in town. Uncle Philibert left them to me. They were all he owned. Wonderful records. But Madame hasn't heard them for years."

"Why not?"

"Monsieur Laroche asked me not to play them. He's afraid they might upset her. You see, mon ange," I said, "he's still in love with her. She lost her voice, but not her devoted husband."

She didn't answer, but I thought her mouth was twitch-

ing a little. I said, "Tuesday's Mardi Gras. Will you go with me to the Flower Parade?"

She shook her head. "I'm sorry. Really. Alphonse has entered his car for the parade. He'll have it arranged with flowers. There'll be photographers. Alphonse thinks it may help me with the publicity, so I promised to go with him." For a moment her hand was in mine, a delicious, long moment. "Good night, Pierre."

I walked over to Madame Laroche late the next afternoon. She said Mary had been here and they'd had a fine lesson. "C'est drôle," she said. "When that girl sings, she's a changed person. So warm and happy inside."

"I know," I said miserably. "How can I get the ice off her wings?"

"What's that, Pierre?" Madame said, startled.

So I told her everything. She listened quietly, and then she smiled.

"With you and Mary it's just a question of your being around at the right moment," she said.

"Yes," I murmured. "But will it ever come?"

I went back to the station. Fortunately, Monsieur Bonhomme was still in his office. I said the American girl was willing to pay five thousand francs for half an hour on the air. Five thousand was all I had in the bank.

Monsieur Bonhomme shook his head. "Sorry. She won't sing over this station. Nothing doing."

"But why—?"

"Pierre," Monsieur Bonhomme said, "I'm going to be frank with you. I've talked to Alphonse. He's got plans of his own for that girl. I'm not going to interfere with Alphonse. His father has promised me a lot of advertis-

Beauty in brief:

10-minute mask

By CAROLYN EARLE

- For a complexion which is usually dry and flaky try this simple treatment. Cut nose, mouth, and eye holes in a piece of muslin and soak it in warm olive oil or paraffin oil.

SPREAD muslin over skin which has already been gently cleansed, and leave it there for ten minutes. Follow with face massage, and then pat off surplus oil film.

This inexpensive beauty routine may be repeated regularly until the complexion becomes smooth. Meanwhile, use softening skin creams and avoid astringent lotions.

To freshen up the skin that has a dull appearance, add a little borax to face-washing water, and follow with a paste mixed from Fuller's earth and warm milk.

To prevent any drying effect from this mask, first lubricate the skin generously with face cream before applying the paste. Nor should the mask be smeared on delicate under-eye skin. Leave for ten minutes.

ing. Makes good cheese, too."

He opened the refrigerator and took out a piece of Roquefort. "You want some?"

"The hell with his Roquefort!" I shouted.

"Don't shout at me!" he shouted at me. "Just so you won't get any ideas, you'll announce the record hour tomorrow night from ten to eleven!"

I walked down to the Casino Gardens, an emotional wreck. Boniface was swinging his lash, trying to keep the flies off Marshal Foch.

"I saw your angel," he said, with sarcasm. "Some angel. Hah! Driving to Nice with Alphonse, so he can have his car converted into a flower tank."

"A what?" I said.

"A tank. Like you had in the war. Only it's all made of flowers. Imagine! And in the last war his father spent millions to keep Alphonse out of uniform! What a pig! He's got money for flowers. Yes! But would he pay me? No!"

He grabbed my shoulders. "And what are you going to do about this?"

"I? What can I do?"

"You love her, don't you?"

"Yes," I said. "But it's hopeless."

"It's never hopeless," Boniface said. "As the great Marshal Foch used to say, 'When you are cornered, attack and attack again!'"

"How can I attack a floral tank?" I said unhappily.

Boniface spat out angrily. "You fought in the last war, did you? Bah! All you fellows did was throw bombs. We were not like that in the great war of 1914."

He saluted with his lash, swinging it through the air like a sabre. "I will prove to you that the soldiers of Marshal Foch were made of better stock! By the memory of the great marshal, I'm going to show you how to attack a tank with your bare fists!"

Please turn to page 43

VELVET SOAP saves costly linen replacements in this modern home

says Aunt Jenny

When Aunt Jenny visited Mrs. Thelma Purnell, in her charming, modern home at 4 Makinson Street, Gladesville, N.S.W., she learned how this wise housewife is saving on housekeeping expenses.

"With the high cost of new clothes and linens" said Mrs. Purnell, "I'm extra careful with the things I wash. I never have to rub hard with Velvet Soap — and that way my linens give me so much extra wear."

"You see, not a sign of weakness — and this tablecloth must be years old," said Mrs. Purnell, as she gathered in her spotlessly clean washing. She laughed. "And this schoolboy son of mine is a holy terror for making his shirts dirty, but with Velvet on the job I get wonderful wear from his clothes. Aunt Jenny, I'm convinced Velvet Soap is all you say. I've proved that Velvet-washed clothes actually do last longer."



The china, glassware and silver gleamed in the cupboards as Aunt Jenny helped with the washing up in Mrs. Purnell's bright, modern kitchen. "Velvet's so good for every cleaning job," Mrs. Purnell said. "Look how these wonderful suds shift the grease from china. And Velvet's so gentle — this woolly of mine for instance, is washed in Velvet suds. Whenever I need soap, you'll find me using Velvet."

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FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS — seen under a magnifying glass — look frayed and worn out because hard-rubbing is necessary with stumpy, inferior lather. And look how those weary-willy suds leave dirt ingrained in the weave.



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THEY had built bleachers in front of the Sporting Club, and a platform for the members of the jury, where the flower vehicles would parade by in the evening. All afternoon people crowded around the flower cars parked on the Casino terrace.

Alphonse's convertible had been turned into a stunning replica of a Sherman tank made of pink roses.

I saw Alphonse before the parade, in the narrow street behind the Sporting Club where the vehicles were being lined up. He stood by his tank. He wore a comic-opera uniform, same color as the pink roses, and even pinkish shoes.

"Bonsoir, Pierre," he said. "How's that little radio of yours? Come to see me and Mary win the Grand Prix?"

Monsieur Bonhomme walked by, with a redhead under one arm and a bottle of pink champagne under the other. He didn't recognise me or didn't want to.

Then I saw Boniface. He'd parked his landau with Marshal Foch near by, and came over with an old friend, one of the taxi drivers who had served with him under Marshal Foch in the great war.

Boniface nudged the taxi driver, and the man began to stare under Alphonse's car. "Boniface," he said, "she's losing oil. Something must be wrong. Looks like a serious breakdown."

Boniface pretended to look agast. "Sapristi!" he shouted. "Take a look under your tank, Alphonse! That's pretty serious. Same thing happened to me last week. I lost all my oil."

That was a silly thing to say. In the first place, Boniface never owned a car. Also, he never uses oil in his landau. He prefers red wine.

In fact, he smelled of it right now. So did his friend, the old taximan, and most of the people around. Don't blame them, Mardi Gras comes only once a year.

Alphonse got worried and bent down to look under his car. Boniface gave him a light shove and the old taximan tripped him. Alphonse stumbled, fell down, and promptly got caught in the thorns of the pink roses.

"Oh-h, oh-h-h," he yelled. "Ouch, ouch! Help! Help! Help!"

People thought it was a wonderful joke and everybody laughed. They tried to get him out, which wasn't so easy on account of those thorns.

In the general confusion no one seemed to notice that the taximan stepped over to the hood, opened it, unscrewed something inside, and closed the hood.

Poor Alphonse was finally rescued. He was a mess, believe me. His pink uniform was dirty, after his invasion of the thorns. He looked as if he would break into tears any minute, and he might have if Mary hadn't appeared at that moment.

The music began to play, the police got busy, the ushers

Icy Angel Continued from page 41

shouted, and slowly the parade began to move towards the jury's platform. Alphonse gallantly helped Mary into her seat and sat down behind the wheel.

Some thorns must have remained stuck in his pants, because when he sat down he exclaimed in pain. He tried to start the car. The engine coughed once or twice, spat out like Boniface when he's angry, and became silent altogether.

Alphonse cursed, jumped out, opened the hood, shook his head, went back and tried to start again. The car stood as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar. By that time the cars behind him began to sound their horns, police shouted, and there was a lot of confusion.

A breathless member of the jury arrived and ordered Alphonse to get out of the parade. A police officer began to shout, Alphonse shouted back and there was a terrific argument, with Mary, poor angel, sitting in the middle, getting red and pale alternately.

"It's sabotaged!" Alphonse shouted. "That cursed Boniface did it! He must have been hired by the Gorgonzola people from Italy. They hate our Roquefort!" They—

"Push the car away! Don't stop the parade!" shouted the police officer. "We don't want any international incident to-night! Come on!"

"Don't touch my tank!" Alphonse yelled. It was a real scandal.

"Alphonse, please!" Mary said. "Let's get out! Everybody's looking!"

"Shut up, you!" he roared at her. He was beside himself now. "Maybe you're in on that conspiracy! But I'm not going to be cheated out of the Grand Prix! I will call papa and—"

Mary jumped out of the car. The police pushed it, with Alphonse still shouting behind the wheel, into the side street.

Suddenly there was a commotion and Boniface drove Marshal Foch and his landau into the opening where Alphonse's car had stood. Everything thereafter happened very fast.

Boniface grabbed Mary and the old taximan grabbed me. I found myself lifted up, and a second later I was sitting next to Mary in the landau. The people broke into shouts, Marshal Foch neighed, and a few seconds later we were driving up in front of the jury's platform.

Only then did I notice that Boniface had turned his landau into a flower arrangement and that it carried a number like all the other entries.

The rest is but a dim memory. There was terrific applause, probably on account of Mary rather than the flowers.

The floodlights swept down on us, blinding my eyes, some-

body shouted "Vive l'Amérique!", the music played "The Stars and Stripes Forever," the president of the jury made a speech and handed Mary a silver trophy, First Prize for Horse-drawn Vehicles.

I wasn't able to think clearly until the landau was out of the crowd and Marshal Foch was trotting up the quiet, dark, deserted Avenue St. Michel.

I put my hand around Mary. She was still as if in a trance, and I took her into my arms. For a delicious moment she rested there. "Mon ange," I said, and wanted to kiss her.

A cold breeze came up from the Mediterranean. She shivered lightly and freed herself gently. Sapristi, there was still ice on her wings.

"It's chilly," she said. "Please take me home, Pierre. I don't want to catch cold."

Wrong again, I thought. I would never be around at the right moment, as Madame Laroche had advised.

"It's getting late," Mary said. "Almost ten o'clock."

Ten o'clock! Then I re-

"He that plants trees loves others beside himself."
—Scottish proverb.

membered. I was supposed to have a broadcast at ten! Exactly in eight minutes!

I told Boniface to take us to the station in a hurry. Mary wanted to get out, but I seized her arm.

"You'll go with me to the studio! You're going to remain right next to me! In fact, you — you're going to sing!"

"But I'm not prepared. No music, no —"

"Never mind," I said. "I'll find some music. Just take me easy, as the Americans say."

It was four minutes to ten when we arrived in front of the radio station. I told Boniface to fetch Monsieur and Madame Laroche, then I grabbed Mary and we ran up the stairs.

The place was deserted except for the telephone operator and the control-room engineer, who had three bottles on his table, two of them already empty. Ah, wonderful Mardi Gras!

In my studio I pushed aside Madame Laroche's four records, which I had brought with me in the afternoon, and looked for some music. I found the aria from "Tosca," opened the piano, and told Mary to get ready.

It was one minute to go. I looked through the glass panel into the adjoining room. Madame and Monsieur Laroche had just arrived with Boniface.

"Thirty seconds. Get ready," I said to her. "We'll do the aria from 'Tosca' first."

Mary opened her mouth and wanted to say something,

but suddenly she began to cough. She got pale. I handed her a glass of water. She took a swallow and coughed again. "My voice," she whispered hoarsely, choking. "I — I must have lost my voice. That ride in the open coach —"

Ten o'clock! The control engineer winked at me desperately, waving an empty wine bottle. I pushed Mary into the adjoining room, towards Madame Laroche, ran back to the microphone, took a deep breath, grabbed the nearest record and placed it on the turntable.

The control engineer began to gesticulate wildly with two bottles. I realised, with a sudden sickening shock, that I must have been silent for at least ten terrible seconds. I glanced at the label on the record in front of me. "Vissi D'Arte (Puccini), Gabrielle Laurent-Laroche," it said.

It was too late to change. I said, "Mesdames et messieurs, to-night I have a special Mardi Gras surprise, bringing you a beloved voice that you haven't heard for years — the great Gabrielle Laurent-Laroche. As you all know, Madame lives here in town. In fact, she's here in the studio with me. She will sing for you now one of her greatest arias, 'Vissi D'Arte,' from Puccini's opera 'Tosca.'"

I started the record. I wish you could have seen Madame Laroche as she heard her own voice.

For a brief moment she must have lived through her entire past. She was again on the stage of the crowded opera house, and down there all the people were listening to her in breathless enchantment.

When the aria was over, she stood there for another moment as though she were waiting for something. Waiting for applause, I guess. Then I saw that Boniface began to clap his hands, and Mary joined him.

And by that time the phone started to ring. Some of you were calling up. One listener said, "Please, ask her to sing for me the prayer for Otel-lo." Another wanted the Butterfly aria. And everybody said Madame Laroche was better than ever before.

Only then did I begin to realise that in all my excitement I must have mixed up my announcement. The listeners seemed to think that Madame Laroche was actually singing here in person!

Mesdames et messieurs, I simply didn't have the courage to tell you the truth. I played the three other records, and I continued to fool you. You would have done the same thing if you could have seen what I saw.

Madame Laroche was sitting close to her husband, and she was crying — crying with happiness, I'm sure. Her secret ambition had been fulfilled; once again she was being appreciated by people. She wasn't fini yet.

MONSIEUR ★ Don't let ★ these eyes . . .

LAROCHE stroked her hair. His eyes were misty. They were a lovely sight, those two old people in love. Mary stood on the other side of the room, and then I saw that she, too, was crying. No, my friends, I couldn't have told you the truth then.

When the last record was finished, I put on a symphony and walked out of the room.

Madame Laroche took my head into her hands and kissed me. "That was kind of you, Pierre," she said softly. "Very, very kind of you."

I said, "Madame, I really don't know how it happened. I got all mixed up and —" She didn't listen. "Pierre," she said, wiping off her tears, "now you must go back to that microphone and tell the people the truth."

And that's what I have done, my friends. You know the truth now, and you, too, Mary, mon ange. I guess this is the end of my Mardi Gras story. And now, mesdames et messieurs, this is your favorite announcer, Pierre—

One moment, please. There's an interruption. It's — yes, it's Mary . . . She just entered the studio . . . She's still crying . . . She's coming towards me . . . straight into my arms . . .

Mesdames et messieurs, for the benefit of those of you who have just tuned in, that hoarse whisper you heard right now was the voice of an angel, saying, "Oh, Pierre, darling, you're so wonderful."

This is your favorite announcer, Pierre Verdoot, and his favorite fiancée, wishing you a merry Mardi Gras and many happy detours, as the Americans say.

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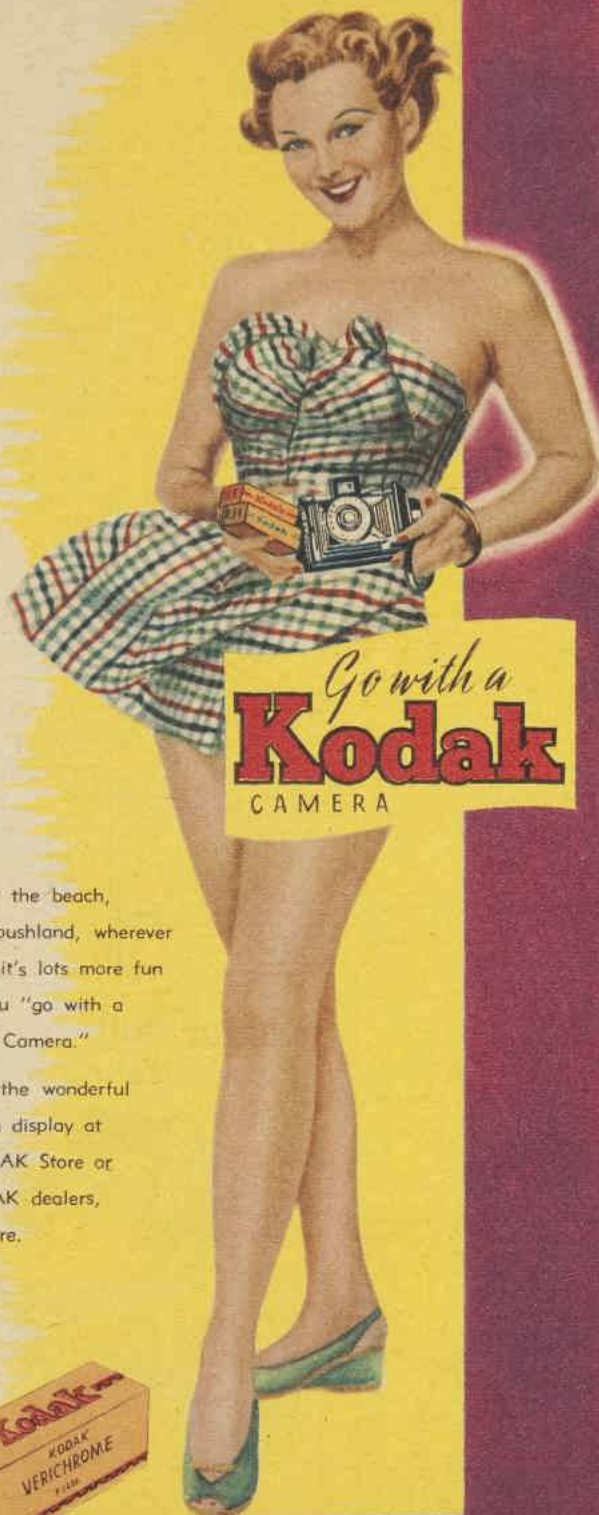
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 3, 1951



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PERRY MASON

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

• Ilya Adams has received a phone call from Manila from her first husband, David Bidon, whom she had thought dead. Perry Mason advises her to ask him to come home. Perry and detective Paul Drake start checking on Bidon's identity:



TO BE CONTINUED

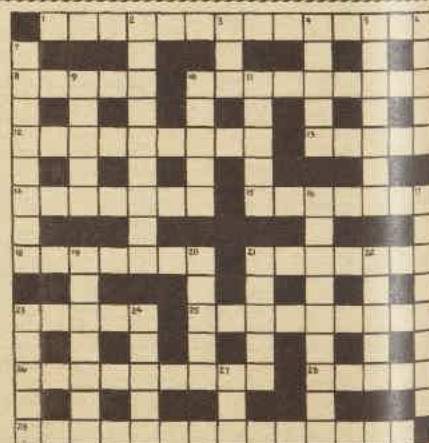
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. 10 (1) 00, and this is really rare. (3, 2, 1, 3.)
8. Rope which sounds like a sigh to a girl. (5.)
10. A King with ease and with human beings before 'em' are in mutual understanding. (9.)
12. Being given to talk, the outside is gas. (8.)
13. Make better a repaired hole. (5.)
14. Weapon musicians worn on your upper limb, especially in mourning. (7, 4.)
15. In due sins you find the places of origin for disease. (7.)
18. Human beings in legal wrong cause suffering. (7.)
21. Get out of a railway carriage through a red line. (7.)
22. Greek woodland deity. (5.)
25. Eventful instant and nothing to us. (9.)
26. Sour liquid medicine for sweeties. (4, 5.)
28. Senseless mixture of a nine. (5.)
29. Dig on the German. (Anagr. 3, 2, 3, 6. But what a kill-joy.)

HOMERIC LAUGHTER
A U T A L R E E
T A N G E N T I A L
T O D O A E N B I
E R A M S P E N T L U N G
R N P U S L N I
S E V I L L E F O R E B
S N T Y C O N
L A W F U L V O L T A G E
A A P C N S O T
P O R T G R A D E U N C E
A S H O I D A O A
A D H E R E S W A I R O W S
S T A T I E L E C S
H O P E L E S S D E P I A I R

Solution to last week's crossword



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Acute 'hon. (Anagr. 8.)
3. If it's of war it's fought at the ends of a rope. (2.)
4. A mule is good enough for a Turkish theologian. (Anagr. 5.)
5. Never growing old though outwardly just an ass. (7.)
6. Fruit roppers are old-fashioned. (8.)
7. Standard trade is glaring. (8.)
9. Play a stringed instrument with the holy spirit. (5.)
10. Shun a space which is empty. (5.)
11. Plant secretion about transpiration. (5.)
16. Confinement is confined in a united one. (9.)
17. Wicked on the left side of a shield. (8.)
19. Small rope forming a step in a raging sound as a young traitor. (7.)
20. Musical time. (5.)
21. Ten of them make a dollar. (5.)
22. Fragrance emanating from a disturbed god of love. (6.)
23. Short street and set of shenanigans. (5.)
24. Stuck in a famous French sculptor. (5.)
27. He made the raven speak. (3.)



Mummy can remember this herself



AND FOLKS I WON'T FORGET! How can a fellow ever forget those soft, silky sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder? Specially when he's hot and prickly, and well... *irresistible!* My Mummy says she can remember it herself, but I know right now how soft and silky it makes my skin, and really soothes me off to sleep!

MUMMY DOES KNOW BEST! At least mine does, anyway! 'Cause it's not just me that enjoys *all* the soft, soothing sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder. Mummy says it's *best* for all the family, too! She knows the bigger, more economical tin of Johnson's Baby Powder means lots and lots of skin comfort for everyone. Quite a tip, eh?

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THE next morning Coralee left me with a damp washrag over my brow, two aspirin tablets, and many misgivings.

"Tarkington was all upset because you weren't along last night," she said.

"I'll just bet."

"He even said you weren't bad-looking, for the moony type."

"High praise," I said, muf-
fling my head in the pillow.

"I think he likes you," Coralee said as she left me.

The poet and I ate breakfast under a flowering chestnut tree. I paid because he wasn't taking any fee as a guide and because in the strong sunlight he looked like he came straight out of "La Boheme." I did it very delicately, just sort of crumpling the money up on the table like I had lots more where it came from.

"This is very painful for me," he said haltingly. "I should like so much to be your host, but . . ." He shrugged. The whole futility of art was in the gesture.

We had a lovely morning, browsing indolently through the Louvre. Afterwards I bought lunch for us both in a wonderful little bistro where he knew the owner. The wine tasted like cider vinegar, but I was brought up on pasteurized milk, so I'm no authority. Three glasses of it and we'd got to the first-name stage.

His was Jacques and mine was Maggie, although by the time we left the place there was some doubt in my mind. We took a walk through the Bois de Boulogne in the gathering twilight. He moved close

to me and bent his head until his lips just brushed my ear.

"Let's not go back to Madame's," he breathed.

"But they'll be expecting us," I protested weakly.

"Not me," he said. "My board bill is, sadly enough, in arrears."

"You poor hungry thing," I said. "I'll advance you the money."

"I really couldn't," he murmured. "You see, I don't know when I can repay you."

"Write me a sonnet sequence," I said, "something I can show the girls back home. I'll . . . I'll be your patroness."

I know it sounds giddy, but if you haven't stood under the cloudy trees of the Bois you can't possibly know how they affect your judgment. We went back to the pension separately.

Tarkington sat across from me at the table at dinner. Just before dessert he tilted his chair back and began to stuff a pipe. "Whatever became of old Bluebeard Ragout?" he asked the world in general.

Madame Perot looked up from the dish of baked pears. "Tarkington, stop it."

"Bluebeard," he said, staring at me, "used to pick up stray American women and slip them into a boiling urn he had around. You know, girls who thought they'd wander around by themselves. Where'd you go to-day?"

"Don't be ridiculous," I said tartly. "I'm over the age of consent."

"Way over," he agreed amiably, "but as your guide and mentor I feel a certain

responsibility for you. We're riding a bus out to Versailles after dinner. I'll save you a seat close to me."

"That's very neighborly of you," I said acidly, "but I have other plans."

I noticed that when he got sore, interesting things happened to his eyes. I believe they are commonly described as steely.

I excused myself, and Coralee followed me while I went upstairs to examine my good black dress for creases.

"Tarkington's really worried about you, honey. He says you're a romantic and a prey to everything. He says . . ."

MY voice was sharper than I meant it to be. "Listen," I said, "that's enough. My new-found friend is a perfect gentleman and richly imbued with European culture and tradition, which is more than I can say for that seedy sap in sneakers."

"He got all dressed last night," protested Coralee.

"What are you," I asked, "a special envoy? So he changed his shirt."

"But you don't understand," said Coralee, "he did it for you."

"Astonishing. Can I borrow your nylon slip?"

"Yes, but, Maggie . . ."

"Maggie me no Maggies. He's not my type."

"I think he's to be pitied. You see, he confided in me."

"Mmm . . ." I examined my stockings for runs.

"And it's the saddest story."

His parents were American and he was born there, but they came to Paris when he was five years old, and the only time he ever went home was to be drafted. He took his training in Brooklyn and right away they shipped him overseas. He liberated Paris.

"Single-handed?"

"No, silly, but he was in the Fifth Corps. He was broke when he got out, so he started running these tours to make enough money to buy a business in Brooklyn."

"I admit it clears up a few things."

"I told him you'd see it that way."

"Hey, wait a minute," I said. "What goes on here?"

"He'd make you a marvelous mate," said Coralee intensely. "He says he's fighting it, but you attract him."

"Tell him," I said, slithering into my dress, "that I hope he wins."

I had to pass Tarkington on the stairs. He reached across so that his arms blocked my passage. It was only then that I realised that he wasn't bad-looking in a close-up.

"You look uninhibited," he said flatly.

"Now you're my analyst," I snapped.

"I think maybe you could use one."

I ducked under his arm. It was like playing London Bridge, only it wrecked my hair-do and shattered my dignity.

Jacques was waiting in the garden. "Take me somewhere," I commanded.

"On what?" Some of the

nap had worn off his voice and some of the accent, too. I looked at him quizzically and saw that he was smiling again.

"It's painful for me to dwell so on my financial condition."

It must have been because I was unsettled by Tarkington or maybe it was the fact that my francs were running out. Anyway, I didn't feel like being helpful. "Let's just go over the road and sit outside the cafe and enjoy the cheap evening air," I said.

He shrugged slightly. "If you prefer it."

"Look," I said, "you asked me out!"

"Yes, but . . ." He hesitated. "Well, I pictured something a little more gala."

"How gala can you get?" It was Tarkington.

Jacques stood up and the two men squared off.

"You stay out of this!" I shouted at Tarkington.

"Stay out of it? Do you know who this guy is?"

"He's a poet and a gentleman," I said weakly.

"He's a confidence man and a deadbeat. Johansen, I thought I told you to keep clear of here."

"Blow it," said my French friend.

"Hub?" I said.

"This guy is a landmark in Paris," yelled Tarkington, "like the Eiffel Tower." Cavalier Johansen, ex-sergeant, A.W.O.L., 1940, and the ladies' friend as long as you're good for three square meals and don't know any high-school French. Yeah, and what's more, he comes from Los Angeles."

WITH a croaking voice I asked my "poet," "Is this true?"

"A guy's gotta make an honest buck," Cavalier glowered at Tarkington.

"Well," I said hotly, "you picked the wrong girl. All I've got is my return ticket home."

"You're wasting your time," Tarkington said to him.

"Don't get personal," I said, sticking my chin out. "You're no better than he is."

"Honey, you keep out of this," said Tarkington, "I'll talk to you later." That's when he hit Cavalier, but immediately he was on his feet hitting back at Tarkington.

After fifteen minutes of this Tarkington was stretched out on the grass and feeling no pain. Cavalier went into the house and Tarkington and I were, as they say in romantic novels, alone together.

I took a good long look at him. Discounting a bleeding nose and a black eye, he had a kind of raffish innocence that I found very comforting. Add to that the undeniable fact that he was attracted to me and you can see why I cradled his head in my lap and stroked his forehead until he opened his eyes.

"You're everything I despise," I said to him. "Nationalistic and a snoop, what have you to say for yourself?"

It was remarkable for a man in his condition, but he sat up and pulled me into his arms.

"America, the beautiful," he said, and kissed me with enough fervor for a Frenchman.

(Copyright)

At last I'm free to look after my little family — thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids



If you are suffering, this human story will interest you—

"The whole thing started four months ago, when I was advised to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment."

"Gone is the pain in my knees. Gone is the crippling of my hands that refused to allow me to dress or undress myself. Gone is that dreadful depression and hopelessness that surely was getting me down. Gone the dreadful, wakeful nights. Gone are the nights when I was barricaded up with pillows—pillows under my knees; they were so swollen and sore I could not stand the pressure one on the other. Gone is the pillow I had to have on my chest to rest the painful arm, as it was too sore to lie on . . . for the first time in a good many years, at last I'm free from pain—free to look after my little family. Many thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for my new happiness."



Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you are suffering, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids and start a course of this famous treatment to-day.

How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act

A large proportion of drugs and medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are greatly reduced. In order that Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on Kidneys, Bladder and Bloodstream, the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective properties after passing through the digestive tract. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help to drive out the poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Hot Flushes, Loss of Energy, Rheumatic Aches, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Lumbago and similar ailments.

Start a course to-day of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

Get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day and let Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling, that loss of energy, those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful vigour.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a tried and proven family treatment for the painful rheumatic ailments that cripple thousands of otherwise healthy people every year. You can get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids
6/6 and 3/6 Everywhere

Make these from a pattern

SPRING BLOUSES

● Irresistible for the new season are these six lovely blouse designs. To order paper patterns see page 48.



F6618: Glamor blouse, left, in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material and 4yds. lace. Price 2/3.

F6617: Blouse, above left, sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. striped, ¼yd. 36in. plain. Price, 2/3.

F6616: Double-breasted blouse, above right, 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/3.



F6619: Blouse by Maggy Rouff, left, in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/3.

F6614: Blouse, above left, sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. striped, ¼yd. 36in. plain. Price, 2/3.

F6615: Blouse with scalloped trim, in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/3.

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YOU are safe!



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to know!

LIFEBUOY guarantees you
protection from B.O.

Make this 10-day test. Use Lifebuoy for ten days
in your daily bath or shower—then check the
difference it has made to your personal freshness.

Tests show that, from the day you start to use Life-
buoy, you start to safeguard yourself against B.O.,
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you build up increasingly better
protection. No other soap can
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easier cleaning
than any other cleanser

CLEANS FASTER,
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**OLD
DUTCH
CLEANSER**

**Dissolves Grease
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thanks to an amazing new
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Sudsing Action
Sweeps Away Stains and Dirt
faster than you have ever
dreamed

**Rinses Away
Quickly—Completely**
Leaves no gritty sediment!
It's safe! Kind to your hands!

CHASES DIRT!

902.—SMALL GIRL'S DRESS
The dress is cut out ready to
make in floral haircord. The
floral is printed on white, pale
blue, and pink grounds. Sizes:
Length 18in., for 2yrs., price
14/6; 20in., for 4yrs., price
15/3; 23in., for 6yrs., price
15/11; and 27in., for 8yrs.,
price 16/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

905.—SMALL GIRL'S SUNSUIT

The suit is available cut out ready to make in British cotton,
printed in nursery design on blue, pink, and green grounds.
Sizes: 1yr., price 6/11; 2yrs., price 7/3; 3yrs., price 7/9;
4yrs., price 8/3.

903.—TENNIS DRESS

The dress is available cut out
ready to make in good-wearing
white rayon spun. Sizes: 32in.
and 34in. bust, price 29/11;
36in. and 38in. bust, price 31/9.

NOTE: Please make a second
choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.
All Needlework Notions over 4/11
sent by registered post.



904.—TRAYCLOTH, TEA-COSY, AND SERVIETTE SET

The attractive cut-work set is clearly traced ready to embroider.
The set is available in sheer linen. Colors include cream, white,
lemon, blue, pink. Also British cotton in pastel green, pink,
blue, and lemon. Sizes: In linen—Traycloth, 11in. x 17in.,
price 5/3; tea-cosy, 13in. x 10in., price 5/9; serviettes, 11in. x
11in., price 1/6 each. In cotton—Tray-
cloth, 11in. x 17in., price
3/3; tea-cosy, 13in. x
10in., price 3/9; servi-
ettes, 11in. x 11in., price
1/3 each.



PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F6578.—Beginners' pattern for
an easy-to-make boy's jacket.
Sizes 8, 10, 12, and 14 years.
Requires 1½yds. 54in. material.
Special price, 1/9.

F6554.—Summer one-piece has
unart cape-collar made in contrast.
Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires
5½yds. 36in. material, 1 2/3yds.
36in. contrast. Price, 2/9.

PATTERNS may be obtained from Fashion
Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo,
Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Syd-
ney). Tasmanian readers should address orders
to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand
readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland. Postage
is included in prices quoted.

F6562.—Low-necked dress with
pretty gathered skirt. Sizes 32in.
to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in.
material. Price, 2/9.

F6565.—Sun dress and matching
jacket. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust.
Requires 5½yds. 36in. material.
Price, 3/6.

F6576.—Slim one-piece. Hip pockets
create skirt interest. Sizes 32in.
to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds.
36in. material. Price, 2/9.

F6577.—Smart button-front day-
time dress. Sizes 32in. to 38in.
bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material.
Price, 2/9.



CONVENTIONAL in design, the Cammeray, N.S.W., home of Miss Lucy Stark is distinguished by a glass north wall to the living-room and a cantilevered balcony.

House built high to get view

Twenty-five years ago school-teacher Lucy Stark decided she would like to own her own home. When she had saved sufficient money she acquired a block of land in Cowdroy Avenue, Cammeray, on Sydney's North Shore, and consulted architect F. E. O'Mahony, A.R.A.I.A.

THE pictures and plan on this page show her recently built house.

Three problems had to be overcome. The slope was very steep, access was from the lower level, and the site was a disused quarry which had been filled with earth and rubble.

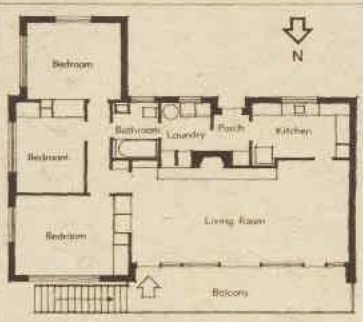
Because of the magnificence of the view over Middle Harbor it was decided to place the house on the highest part of the site, at the rear of the allotment. Flights of steps from the street were, therefore, unavoidable.

Tests showed that solid rock was about ten feet below the ground surface. For economy, Miss Stark and the architect decided to build a fairly conventional single-story house supported on tall brick piers carried down to the rock.

This avoided the expense of much foundation walling and excavation, and helped determine the architectural character. Because of a limited building budget the space under the house was not used.

The bedrooms are of minimum comfortable dimensions so that the maximum amount of space is available in the living-room, which has a dining section at the end adjoining the kitchen. The living-room and main bedroom both have a northerly aspect and a view of Middle Harbor.

It is not a family home, so



PLAN showing layout of the home. Doors of bathroom, laundry, and porch allow alternative access to the bedrooms from the kitchen.



THE MAGNIFICENT VIEW dominates the living-room. Dove-grey floor-covering and natural polished wood furniture with navy webbing are toned against beige floor-length drapes and pastel green walls. The woodwork in this room is off-white.

an entrance hall was dispensed with, passages were reduced to a minimum, and the living-room used as a general communication between the various parts of the house.

The roof overhang was designed so that the sun does not fall too strongly during the summer, but may enter the

rooms to some extent in the winter.

The house has an appearance of lightness and grace. This is due to the piers and cantilevered construction, the vertical line in the balustrade railing, the open-tread timber staircase, and the light pipe-supports to the main roof.



FLOOR-TO-CEILING brickwork was used for the wall containing the fireplace. Built-in china and book shelves with convenient cupboards for the storing of fuel are features (above left). The northern view provides a restful atmosphere for reading and working in the study-cum-bedroom (right).

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balance the
weekly
budget...



- still your
best food buy!

Keep weekly food bills down - keep nourishment standards up - by including more eggs in your daily diet! One of nature's richest and most completely balanced foods, they are, weight for weight, twice as rich in body-building protein as any other food, including lean red meat! In addition eggs contain every known vitamin, except Vitamin C, and every essential mineral! Now in plentiful supply.



FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT EGGS

Eggs are one of the basic protective foods and are unequalled as a highly concentrated source of nourishment. More important still, the various food elements found in eggs are easily assimilated and, as such, are invaluable as a food for young children! Serve eggs regularly in your home.

TO PROLONG FRESHNESS STORE IN A COOL PLACE

AUTHORISED BY THE AUSTRALIAN EGG PRODUCERS' COUNCIL

E9-42

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WITH A JOB HASN'T TIME
TO USE SLOW OLD-FASHIONED
SOAPS ON WASHDAY - RINSO
QUICKLY GETS MY COLOURED
CLEAN AND KEEPS THEM BRIGHT,
AND WITHOUT RUBBING
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NO TROUBLE - IN
RINSO'S LOVELY SUDS!
THE DISHES COME SO
BRIGHT AND CLEAN -
AND THEY'RE DONE IN
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WASHDAY WORKERS -
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CLOTHES ARE WHITE
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SCIENTIFIC PROOF:
It's a scientific fact that the better
the suds the brighter the wash.
Rinso gives up to 30% more suds
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That's why Rinso is best for
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Buy Two packets
One for the laundry,
one for the kitchen

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 3, 1951

First step to Loveliness

YOU can only retain a youthful figure and look your best if you keep your system regular, with Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. They prevent flabbiness and skin blemishes which often result from constipation.

Dr. Morse's Pills are made of five natural ingredients of vegetables and fruits. They are safe and easy to take.

The laxative with the tonic action.

Standard size 1/9, or double the quantity 2/6.

Chemists and stores.

Dr. MORSE'S
INDIAN ROOT
PILLS

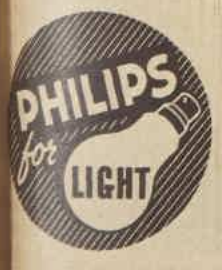
Permanently **FACIAL**
destroys **HAIRS**

VANIX treatment kills the roots of unsightly hair by a devitalising process. The hair soon becomes brittle, is noticeable, then gradually withers and dies. VANIX is priced at 4/10 a bottle (quoted 1/9 from Hallam's Pty. Ltd., 111 George Street, Sydney, and all branches, Washington St. Bond, Parramatta & Co. Ltd., all branches, Sydney and Newcastle), Myer Emporium, Melbourne and Adelaide, Swift Pharmacy, 372 Little Collins St., Melbourne. Hicks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 59 Rundle St., Adelaide, and Wicks Ltd., Perth.

For informative folder, mention this paper and write to "VANIX," Box 31, G.P.O., Melbourne.

FEELING JADED?

Are things beginning to get you down? Do personal and business worries upset you so that you feel washed-out, weary, depressed? Then try taking WINCARNIS. It's amazing the way so many people have put themselves right again simply by taking WINCARNIS. There are thousands of recommendations from the medical profession praising the way WINCARNIS has helped to restore natural energy and re-build jaded nerves. The choice selected winner that gives the making of WINCARNIS are themselves first-class tonic, but in addition it contains special fortifying ingredients to nourish the nerves and get well. Your Chemist has it. WINCARNIS - the Wine of Life.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 3, 1951



HAWAIIAN MEDLEY is a combination of kidney, bacon, and cooked rice, baked on top of pineapple slices. Serve hot with toast fingers, melba toast, or rolled brown bread.

£5 for summer dessert

A cold summer dessert, flavored with orange and lemon, heads this week's list of prizewinners. Consolation awards go to a Hawaiian medley, a curried steak loaf, and a banana nut tea-ring.

ORANGE and lemon whip is a combination of orange jelly and lemon marshmallow. It is inexpensive, looks attractive, and takes only five minutes to cook.

It is delicious served with cream or ice-cream.

Hawaiian medley is an unusual combination of kidney, bacon, rice, and pineapple.

Curried steak loaf and banana nut tea-ring are two other prizewinners.

Have you entered a recipe in this popular contest lately? Recipes of all types are welcomed and cash prizes are awarded to those published.

All spoon measurements are level.

ORANGE AND LEMON WHIP

Orange Layer: One tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup hot water, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup orange juice, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Lemon Layer: One tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup sugar, juice of 1 lemon; orange sections, whipped cream, and mint sprigs to decorate.

Orange Layer: Dissolve gelatine and sugar in hot water, add orange and lemon juice. Cool, set in two 7-in. sandwich-tins.

Lemon Layer: Dissolve gelatine in 1/4 cup of the water. Add sugar and balance of water, bring slowly to boiling point, simmer 5 minutes. Cool, when beginning to thicken beat until thick and fluffy. Add lemon juice. Spread half over each orange jelly. Chill until set, unmould one on top of the other. Top with orange sections, whipped cream, and mint sprigs.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Quinn, Yongala, S.A.

HAWAIIAN MEDLEY

Half an ox kidney, 4 rashers bacon, 1 dessertspoon good shortening, 1 tablespoon chopped onion or shallot, 2 cups cooked rice, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 egg, 8 pineapple slices, small quantity melted shortening, parsley.

Wash kidney, soak 1 hour in salted water. Remove skin, cut into small pieces. Remove rind from bacon, chop 2 rash-

ers, cut each remaining rasher into 4 pieces. Place chopped bacon in pan with shortening and onion or shallot, fry lightly. Add kidney, cook until lightly browned. Turn into basin, add rice, salt, pepper, sauce, and beaten egg. Place pineapple slices on greased oven-tray, brush with melted shortening. Cover each with generous layer of kidney mixture, top with a piece of bacon. Bake in moderate oven approximately 30 minutes. Serve hot garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. B. Quinn, 124 Dawson St., Newcastle, N.S.W.

CURRIED STEAK LOAF

One small sandwich loaf, melted shortening, 3oz. macaroni or noodles, 2 small onions, 1 tablespoon good shortening, 1lb. minced steak, 1/4 cups tomato juice (or meat or vegetable stock), 2 teaspoons curry powder, 3 teaspoons gravy browning (powder type), cooked peas, parsley.

Remove centre crumb from bread loaf, leaving a casing 1/2 in. thick. Brush inside and out with melted shortening. Place in very moderate oven (325deg. F. gas, 375deg. F. electric) until crisp and lightly browned. Cook macaroni or noodles in fast boiling salted water until soft. Drain, pour cold water through. Peel and slice onions, cook until lightly browned in hot shortening. Add steak, stir until meat changes color. Add tomato juice and macaroni, bring to boiling point. Simmer 35



ORANGE AND LEMON WHIP is a summer dessert worth adding to your collection. Serve with whipped cream or ice-cream.

minutes. Stir in curry powder and gravy browning blended smoothly with a little water. Simmer 5 minutes longer. Fill into hot bread case. Garnish with cooked peas around edge and parsley sprigs.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. K. Hobbs, c/o Miss J. Buchanan, "Boort," South Rd., Hawera, Taranaki, New Zealand.

BANANA NUT TEA-RING

Two ounces good shortening, scant 1/2 cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon honey, 1 cup mashed bananas, 1 egg, 1/2 cup milk, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1/2 cups flour, pinch salt, 1/2 cup chopped walnuts, 2 tablespoons sultanas, 1 tablespoon chopped peel.

Cream shortening with sugar and honey. Add bananas and beaten egg. Mix thoroughly. Add nuts, sultanas, and peel. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk in which soda has been dissolved. Fill into greased ring-tin or 8-in. sandwich-tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 45 to 50 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. K. Hobbs, c/o Miss J. Buchanan, "Boort," South Rd., Hawera, Taranaki, New Zealand.

Accidents in the home

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

EVERY mother should realise that a large proportion of accidents to children take place in the home.

It is in children's wards of large hospitals that this fact is very clearly shown.

Burning accidents are probably the most common.

These and other home mis-

haps could in most cases be avoided.

A leaflet on how to make things safer for the toddler, with hints for first-aid in minor accidents, can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. A stamped addressed envelope should be forwarded with the request.

When...
Cupid starts to fire
his darts + + +



A ROMANTIC courtship, a lovely trousseau, a beautiful wedding and a wonderful honeymoon followed by a lifetime of happiness with her ideal man - these have been the dreams of girls throughout the ages.

The present day girl dreams along similar lines, but with her modern outlook on life she realises that the lovely trousseau, and the beauty and comfort of her first home depend on how well she regulates her spending, how carefully she saves.

The Commonwealth Savings Bank offers all young couples every encouragement and assistance to save for things that bring lasting happiness and ensure success in marriage.

If you are a modern girl in search of happiness, try saving something every pay day. You and your account are welcome at any branch of the

**COMMONWEALTH
Savings BANK**

Accounts opened at any
Branch may be used anywhere in Australia when on holidays.

Waiting for Her "Cue"



Backstage, golden-haired Joan Ashton waits for her "cue" in the cold, draughty "wings" of the theatre. Soon she'll be in the heat of the spotlights, the centre of all eyes. "Cold one minute, hot the next," says Joan. "Yet it's extremely unusual for me to catch cold. A cup of Bonox now and then keeps the flu away." Steaming hot Bonox will keep you right, too. It sends warmth and renewed strength racing through the whole system, raises your resistance, helps you combat wogs and germs. To give you a 1-1-f-t and keep your head above the flu line, drink Bonox every day!

WHIS

IF YOU have to creep up on those between-season appetites, try: slivers of zippy gherkin in rosy tomato juice . . . rissoles with slices of cheese built into their warm little hearts . . . green bananas—battered, salted, grilled and served with steak.

Panic in the Pantry: Unexpected guests and nothing for dessert but some weary little cakes. **Triumph at the Table:** little cakes hollowed out, filled to the brim with satiny Caramel Mellah and sumptuously topped with chocolate sauce. I called them Caramel Sundae, blushed when they asked for the recipe.



Salad surprise: Toss a crisp, red-checked apple, finely chopped, with springtime salads. They'll look as gay and pretty as your new season's hat!

Today's imperishable thought: You can't make an omelette without breaking eggs, but you can make chicken soup without buying expensive poultry! Did you know that Continental Brand Chicken Noodle Soup actually costs less than common-or-garden soups made the ordinary way?

Every housewife worth her salt has some smart tricks up her sleeve—and this wonder-working soup mix could be yours. Just add the makings to boiling water, cook for 7 minutes—then



watch the faces round the table as they sip and taste that chicken!

Mr. Lovejoy called today. Mr. Lovejoy in addition to being a bachelor, is a little on the crusty side and what is known as a "character". Women, he

says, can't cook—they only think they can. When Mr. Lovejoy called I was just cutting a superlative Chocolate Mallow Pie. The pastry—made with Copha and the magical new Melt'n'Mix recipe—yielded tenderly to the knife. The double-feature filling was a fusion of delights: dark, rich, chocolate-y Mellah swirled through snowy billows of marshmallow.



When Mr. Lovejoy's moustaches began to twitch I knew he was lost. The kettle was boiling—and if there's one thing on which Mr. Lovejoy and I do agree it's tea. (Brisk Lipton for both of us, please!) "Just proves my point," he said, his mouth full of pie. "Where would you women be without this Mellah you're always talking about? You couldn't bake a pie like that one, I'll be bound!"

Which, of course, is all too true. Mellah makes cooking—and I mean *good* cooking—so easy, because it's so adaptable and so very easy to make.



Thousands of women with pastry problems can now promise their families the lightest, tenderest pies they ever tasted. The reason? Copha's sensational new Melt'n'Mix pastry recipe. This is an entirely new and different

way of making pastry, and it's so quick and easy that you'll really find it hard to have a failure!

We've given it pride of place with Chocolate Mallow Pie in the Recipe of the Month. Why not make a pie today—dark, savoury meat or this exciting Chocolate Mallow—just to see how easy and how wonderful it is?

Come into the kitchen

says

Betty King



From my kitchen window I can see an apple tree in bud against the spring sky and a small black kitten sitting polishing itself in the sun. But there are fine things going on **INSIDE** the kitchen, too . . . won't you come in?



Chocolate Mallow Pie

4 ozs. Copha, 3 tablespoons water, 1 tablespoon milk, 8 ozs. self-raising flour, 1 level teaspoon salt.

1. Chop Copha roughly and place in mixing bowl.
2. Bring water and milk to the boil and pour over Copha in basin.
3. Beat with a fork till smooth and white, like whipped cream.
4. Add sifted flour and salt and stir with quick round-the-bowl strokes to form a medium firm dough.
5. Roll as required on a floured board and bake in a hot oven, 450°F. gas.

Note: Sufficient for 2 pie shells (8") or 1 double crust pie (8") or 24 dozen tartlets.

1 pie shell (8 or 9"), baked and cooled, 1 packet Chocolate Mellah, 1 pint milk, 1 cup sugar, 1 pint water, 1 level dessertspoon gelatine essence.

1. Mix sugar and gelatine together in a saucepan. Add water, bring to boil and simmer 3 minutes. Pour into a basin, mix in essence and cool.
2. Make up Chocolate Mellah, according to instructions on packet, using the 1 pint milk. Cool.
3. Beat gelatine mixture till thick and frothy, to make Marshmallows.
4. Fold cooled Chocolate Mellah into Marshmallows till the mixture has a marbled appearance. Pour into pie shell and allow to set in a cool place.

It's proving such a happy surprise to people who thought they just couldn't make pastry—like Mrs. A. T. Doran of 132 Livingstone Road, Marrickville, who wins our £10 prize for the Letter of the Month.

Dear Betty King:

I haven't got what is known as a light hand, and my pies and tarts were always in the heavyweight class. Always, that is, until your Melt'n'Mix recipe. When that beautiful pie came out of the oven I could scarcely believe my eyes! Everyone came back for second helpings and my husband said it was the best pastry he's ever eaten. I don't mind how often they ask for pastry now because it's so easy to make.

RECOMMENDED BY
You can be sure of the products endorsed by Betty King.

Betty King



BETTY KING WILL BE BACK AGAIN SOON WITH ANOTHER CHEERY INVITATION TO COME INTO THE KITCHEN

1 SERVING

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY
EXPERTS

The secret of eating alone and liking it is to make each dinner a special occasion, using attractive linen and pretty china.



ATTRACTIVE SERVICE and well-cooked food make eating alone pleasant. This menu includes skewered lamb barbecue, soufflé potato slices, diced carrot and peas, grilled tomato, apricot cup-cake meringue with chocolate sauce, and apple-cheese savory plate.

THOSE who live alone often try to exist on scratch meals because they feel cooking for one is too much trouble, because they haven't enough recipes to guard against monotony, or because they do not buy wisely and make the best use of available ingredients.

The first step towards a better way of eating is to plan ahead—for two or three days at a time if possible.

Advance planning reduces time spent in shopping and enables you to make the best use of left-overs.

An emergency shelf of tinned foods is a good stand-by, but when items are used from this reserve be sure to replace them.

The recipes on this page are sufficient for one average serving, but may be doubled or trebled as the occasion demands.

All spoon measurements are level.

SUNSHINE COCKTAIL

One egg-yolk, juice of 1 large or 2 small oranges, juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, 2 teaspoons honey, mint.

Beat egg-yolk, add all other ingredients except mint, mix well. Chill thoroughly, garnish with mint when serving.

SKEWERED LAMB BARBECUE

One lamb chump chop about 1½ in. thick (ask butcher to cut 2 chops in one), 1 tablespoon sweet fruit chutney, 1 tablespoon water, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce or puree.

Trim excess fat from chop, cut into chunky pieces about 1½ in. square. Thread on two small skewers. Combine chutney, sauces, water, sugar, and vinegar. Heat to boiling point. Place skewered meat on grill, coat with sauce. Grill about 3 in. from heat for 25 to 30 minutes, turning and basting with sauce every 5 minutes. Serve hot with potato crisps or soufflé potato slices (as illustrated).

APRICOT CUP-CAKE MERINGUE

One large cup-cake, bought or home-made, apricot jam, 1 egg-white (egg-yolk may be

used for sunshine cocktail), 2 tablespoons sugar, chocolate sauce (bought or home made).

Cut a slice from top of cake, spread with apricot jam—chopped almonds or walnuts may be added if liked—replace top. Beat egg-white stiffly, gradually add sugar, beat until sugar is dissolved. Pile on top of cake, place in very moderate oven until set and lightly browned. Serve hot or cold with chocolate sauce.

APPLE-CHEESE SAVORY PLATE

Red-skinned apple, cheese, biscuits, nuts, lemon juice.

Wash and dry apple, leave unpeeled. Cut into eighths, remove core. Dip in lemon

juice to preserve color. Arrange a wedge of cheese between two portions of apple, serve with nuts and plain savory biscuits.

DICED CARROT AND PEAS

One-third of a cup diced carrot, 1-3rd cup shelled peas, sugar, salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon butter, pinch pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped mint.

Place carrot and peas in saucepan with sugar, salt, and warm water to cover. Cook gently until both are tender. Drain, sauté with butter, pepper, and chopped mint.

SOUFFLÉ POTATO SLICES

Thinly peel 1 medium-sized potato. Cut slantwise into thin, even slices less than 1-8 in. thick. Dry thoroughly with clean tea-towel after soaking 15 minutes in iced water. Drop

into hot fat, cook 3 or 4 minutes, then transfer immediately into deep, very hot fat. Potatoes should puff up. Drain on kitchen paper, dust with salt.

SWEET-SOUR PORK

One pork chop, salt, pepper, 2 large shallots or 1 very small onion, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 3 tablespoons tomato juice, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 cup finely shredded cabbage.

Trim chop and brown lightly on both sides in frying pan. Add a little bacon fat if chop is too lean to produce sufficient fat of its own. Remove excess fat, add salt, pepper, chopped shallots, vinegar, tomato juice, sugar, and lemon juice. Cover pan with large saucepan lid, place asbestos mat underneath. Cook very gently 25 to 30 minutes. Lift lid, place cabbage on top, sprinkle with a little extra salt, sugar, and lemon juice. Cook 8 to 10 minutes longer with lid on. Serve hot.

TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

Use tinned or bottled tomato juice, or strain the juice from whole tinned tomatoes or stewed fresh tomatoes. To each glass of juice add 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, pinch sugar, salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chopped mint. Chill thoroughly.

QUICK CREAM SOUP

One medium potato, 1 very small onion, 1 stick celery, salt, pepper, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Peel and chop potato and onion, chop celery. Place in saucepan, cover with boiling water, add salt and pepper. Cover and cook until quite soft, about 15 minutes. Rub through coarse strainer, return to saucepan with milk, butter, blended flour, sugar, and sauce. Stir until boiling. Simmer 5 minutes, correct seasoning, add parsley. Serve hot, or in hot weather make in advance and chill thoroughly before serving mixed smoothly with a little extra milk.

Try these for breakfast

Nutritious and varied breakfasts can be prepared without meat. Fish, eggs, milk, cheese, and wholegrain cereals are all good substitutes.

FISH and eggs are particularly good because it is possible to combine small quantities of them with other ingredients to make satisfying and inexpensive breakfast dishes.

Try these suggestions:

- Combine 1½ cups cooked flaked fish (or tinned fish cutlets) with 1 cup mashed potato, 1 finely chopped shallot, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Shape into flat cakes, dip in egg and breadcrumbs, or coat lightly with flour. Fry golden brown.
- Moisten slices of stale bread with milk and beaten egg. Fry lightly in a very small quantity of hot fat, turning once to brown. Top with thick slices sautéed tomato and grated cheese, or sautéed tomato then a layer of hot sweet corn.
- Dip spoonfuls of cooked chopped

spinach in cheese-flavored batter and fry lightly. Serve with bacon rolls.

- Combine creamed potato, mashed parsnip, grated cheese, and soft breadcrumbs. Add chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Shape into flat cakes, coat with egg and breadcrumbs, fry golden brown. Serve with or without grilled bacon rolls.
- A three-egg omelet may be stretched to four medium servings this way. Blend 1 tablespoon flour with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, stir over low heat 5 minutes. Add beaten yolks of 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg-whites, cook in the usual way.

- Scrambled egg and corn is delicious on toast. Beat 3 eggs, season with salt and pepper. Fold into $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ cup tinned sweet corn, add 2 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs and a nut of butter. Stir over low heat until very thick and hot. Cooked peas may be added if desired.

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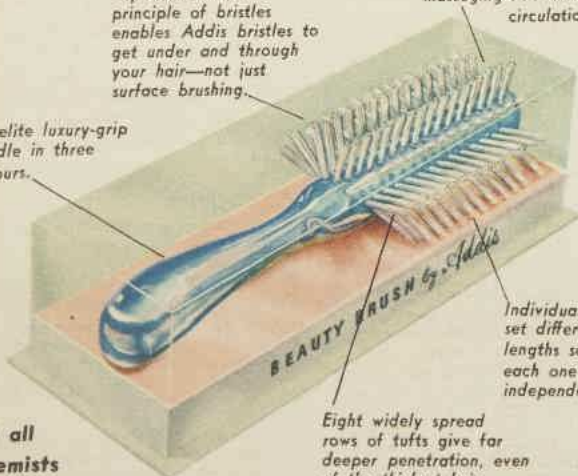
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Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, LOTHAR: His Nubian servant, have found the jewelled city hidden in a warm valley in the polar regions. While MUNDEN: Who instigated the search for the city, and PRINCESS NARDA: Wait on the ship, Mandrake and

Lothar hear the story of the girl Gena, who, with her young brother, survived the death which, she says, Munden brought upon her race. She tells how she found Munden in the snow and brought him to the city, and of his illness. NOW READ ON:



"HIS ILLNESS SPREAD RAPIDLY, KILLING MY PEOPLE LIKE FLIES! THE WARRIORS DEMANDED THAT I KILL HIM AT ONCE--OR WE WOULD BOTH BE KILLED. I AGREED TO TAKE HIM FROM THE CITY--AND KILL HIM--"



"OUR GREAT LIZARD PULLED THE CART TO THE EDGE OF OUR LAND, BUT REFUSED TO ENTER THE ICE COUNTRY. MY BROTHER, AND I WENT INTO IT FOR THE FIRST TIME WITH POOR MUNDEN--"



"I COULDN'T KILL HIM. I LOVED HIM TOO DEARLY," CONTINUES GENA. "SO WE LEFT HIM ON THE ICE, HOPING THAT HIS OWN PEOPLE WOULD FIND HIM."



"WE RETURNED--TO A DEAD CITY. THE TERRIBLE PLAGUE HAD KILLED EVERYONE. SAVE MY BROTHER AND ME. SOMEHOW, WE WERE SPARED THIS DREAD MYSTERIOUS DISEASE THAT MUNDEN CALLED A 'COLD,' GENA CONCLUDES."



"SO THAT'S IT," SAYS MANDRAKE SADLY. "THE ILLNESS WAS UNKNOWN TO YOU--YOUR PEOPLE HAD NO IMMUNITY TO IT. YOUR RACE WAS KILLED BY A COMMON COLD!" SUDDENLY, THE PALACE SHAKES AGAIN, VIOLENTLY--



"ANOTHER QUAKE--BUT A REAL EARTHQUAKE THIS TIME! THE WHOLE PALACE IS CRUMBLING! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!" CRIES GENA.



THE FABULOUS JEWELLED TOWERS CRASH--THE GEM-LADEN STREETS CRACK--THE GREAT SABRE-TOOTHED CATS GO WILD--



GREAT GEYSERS BOIL UP--AS MANDRAKE, WITH GENA, THE PRINCESS OF THE DYING CITY, HER BROTHER AND LOTHAR, RACE FOR THEIR LIVES--



TO BE CONTINUED



"Pop put in this Masonite back in '29"



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"Yes . . . in 1929 . . . Pop was having a pretty tough time. So were most other Americans. His main idea in fixing this room with Masonite was to save dollars and cents. But . . . gee! . . . it was one of the best investments he ever made! For 22 years the Masonite floor, walls and even the ceiling of this caboose have had to take punishment from gangs of young guys who've been in here to make whoopee. And they're as good to-day as ever."

Yes . . . America discovered many, many years ago that Masonite has stamina plus. But not until 1939, when the famous boards were first produced in Australia, was it realised here that locally produced Masonite could better even the American

product. To-day virtually every architect and builder know that the difference between Masonite and run-of-the-mill building boards is that Masonite stands up to really tough Australian conditions. It's an "all-timber" hardboard made by the "explosion" process. It can take hard knocks and gruelling wear and tear.

PRODUCTION OF MASONITE IN AUSTRALIA has been trebled of late, but demand is still so great that immediate delivery isn't always possible. If you are tempted under such circumstances to accept a substitute, you will be wise to bear in mind the fact that only MASONITE is Masonite; therefore only MASONITE can give you what Masonite gives. If you can possibly wait, it will pay you to do so.



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